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AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCES.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

(*Continued from our last.*)

I think I have told you enough to show the rampant spirit of Orangeism in active operation, so with your leave, good reader, we will go on to something else. Such scenes as I have been glancing at are too revolting, too harrowing to the mind to be read with much pleasure. Still it is useful to cast an eye now and then on the doings of those troublous times, not to perpetuate the angry or vindictive feelings which such atrocious outrages naturally excited at the time, but to put us on our guard against the fell spirit which, like the maiden in the Gospel, "is not dead but sleepeth." The Catholics of Ulster only wanted in these dreary times to live at peace with all men, and that was not permitted them. It is the same now—Catholics would be everywhere disposed to live at peace with their Protestant brethren, if they would only treat them as equals, but that the craving for ascendancy will not tolerate. "They were slaves on the old soil," say the Orangemen even here in this New World, "and slaves they must be to us wherever they and we are brought together." Well! let them only try it out, and they may take an old man's word for it, they will fail in the attempt. The love of fair play is too strong in the minds and hearts of men in these young, fresh regions for them to tolerate the growth of a gigantic system of persecution.

But to return to my recollections. Who amongst my readers has not heard of Charlemont Castle, an ancient fortress of some historic note, commanding the passes of the picturesque Blackwater—the Blackwater of Ulster. This noble fortalice was in former times the key to the counties of Armagh and Tyrone, and still forms a striking feature in the landscape for miles around. Many traditions are current in the country with regard to the old fort, and perhaps one of the best known and most popular is that which I am about to relate. There is no one I am sure brought up in the neighborhood of Charlemont who is not well acquainted with Lady Maud of Charlemont Castle—in fact they will all tell you that they have heard of *her* ever since they heard of anything. This Lady Maud, gentle reader, is a mysterious and supernatural personage who has kept watch and ward in the fort for a longer time than I can tell. A strange residence you will say for a ghostly lady. If the presiding genius of the Castle had been pleased to take the form of some grim old warrior it would be all quite natural and people would easily understand his taking an exclusive and death-surviving interest in the affairs of the old garrison which had been his special care in life. But how a lovely lady came to instal herself or be installed as governor *in perpetuo* was something altogether out of the range of probability. Numberless instances were on (*oral*) record in my younger days of the timely interposition of the Lady Maud when the garrison was placed in imminent danger, and so well was her friendly care appreciated by the garrison that the very sentries, walking their lonely rounds at midnight, were no way disturbed or alarmed when Lady Maud swept by with her rustling silk and weaving feathers. This remark, of course, applied only to the veterans. If a young soldier were on duty who had never seen her ladyship before, her appearance was anything but welcome, and some had been frightened by her almost out of their wits. But a little experience gave confidence to even the most timid. Many a soldier was saved a severe reprimand or perhaps worse, by the touch of Lady Maud's icy hand, awaking him from a heavy slumber just in time to meet his "orderly" with erect mien and shouldered musket. Do not be scandalized, reader, at my speaking of the lady's hand, whereas she was a spirit. I do but say as tradition said it.

On one occasion, it was told, the governor of the fortress, when asleep in his bed, was thus awoke by supernatural agency, and starting up in alarm, saw the Lady Maud at his bedside, and immediately concluded that something was wrong. Of course, the ghost could not speak first, so he did it for her.

"What's the matter, Lady Maud; what's the matter?" and the governor, as he spoke, threw on a dressing-gown, which fortunately lay on a chair near him.

The spectral visitor extended her shadowy hand, and said in a solemn tone, every syllable falling like ice on the ear: "Hasten to the arsenal. You will find it in danger."

Thrusting his feet into his slippers, the governor seized his night lamp and hurried to the place indicated. Another moment's delay and the garrison would have been blown to pieces, and Charlemont Castle numbered with the things that were. A candle had been incautiously left burning, most probably forgotten by whoever had been last in the arsenal, and of all places where should it be but stuck on the edge of a barrel of powder. The candle had just burned to the very rim of the barrel, and there was not a second to be lost. So the garrison was saved for that time, and the governor was well inclined to return thanks to the guardian spirit, but she was nowhere to be found. His gratitude had to wait for a future opportunity.

The mystery of Lady Maud's strange fate would have been quite as hard to solve as the Sphynx's riddle of old time, but happily there was an Ardissus at hand in ever-accommodating tradition, and the veil being uplifted by its hand from the annals of Charlemont Castle, there was found one romantic page bearing the story of Lady Maud—what her family name was, tradition discreetly kept a secret. The story ran, then, that the Lady Maud was the daughter of a former commandant of the fort. Gifted with much beauty but little virtue, she had conceived a passion for a private soldier of the garrison, a handsome, but unprincipled fellow, who was a sort of gay Lothario in the garrison. As a matter of course, the advances of the beautiful and high-born lady were received with secret exultation, and a fine show of grateful affection by the unworthy object of so much misplaced affection. Opportunities were not wanting to the ill-assorted lovers, for they met under the veil of night when Launcelot kept watch on the ramparts. These stolen interviews went on for some time, but all of a sudden their character changed; instead of Launcelot sueing to the haughty fair one for a clandestine union, as had been hitherto the case, it was the governor's daughter who besought the low-born and illiterate soldier to make her his wife on any terms, publicly or privately, she cared not which, so the ceremony was gone through. For a while, the false lover put the lady off with fair words, but as time passed her entreaties became more urgent, and at last one wild winter's night, when the storm howled around, and the drifting snow beat on her frail form, she knelt to the partner of her guilt, and bowing herself down before him, implored his pity. A curse and a kick were the soldier's answer, and when she clung to him in fearless, wordless anguish, he hurled her to the ground and pursued his march with a quickened pace. Unhappily for herself, Lady Maud arose and followed him. Stung to the quick by his contemptuous treatment, and the opprobrious epithet by which he had addressed her, her naturally strong passions arose in fierce hostility, and instantly resuming that disdainful bearing which was habitual to her, she defied him to his teeth.

"You have threatened," said she, "to expose me—know now that I will be beforehand with you. I have nothing left to hope for but revenge—revenge, Launcelot! and to-morrow shall bring me that!—my father shall know you as the seducer of his child!"

"'Tis a lie, you shameless jade! it was *you* seduced *me!*—go where you ought to have been long ere now!" and so saying he pitched her head foremost into a draw-well to the verge of which he had gradually led her on. Having thus got rid of a formidable enemy as he well knew she would have henceforward been—an enemy who would never be satisfied till she compassed his death—he hastily returned to his allotted station on the ramparts. No feeling of remorse.

Many days were passed in fruitless search before the body of the wretched Maud was discovered, for he who alone knew where to find it, was the most unlikely to give any information on the subject. Even when the dread secret of her disappearance was disclosed, and the miserable father recovered the corpse of his child, the manner of her death still remained a mystery. The general impression was that she had fallen by accident into the well, and if suspicion fell on the murderer, it was confined to the few of his comrades who had been aware of his connection with the Lady Maud, and they kept it to themselves, not wishing to have his blood on their heads. What became of him the legend does not tell.

Before that generation had passed away, Lady Maud began to keep her disturbed vigils on the bleak heights of Charlemont Castle, and ever since, tradition says, she has exercised a tutelary care over the fort and its garrison.

On some rare occasions her ghostship was known to extend her walk beyond the precincts of the fortress, and on such occasions her rumored appearance spread terror and consternation around, for by the country people she was regarded as a malign spirit bent on destruction. Wo to the belated traveller who chanced to meet her on her rounds, for if she succeeded in making him speak, his doom was sealed. More than one individual had been found dead in the neighborhood of Charlemont Castle, and along the banks of the Moy, whose death was ascribed to the malignant influence of the Lady Maud.

Other instances were told of persons who had narrowly escaped her, and one of these who had been quite a popular character in his village was specially and honorably mentioned in traditionary story as having outwitted the wily spirit.

This fortunate individual was no other than Terry Roony, a famous brogue-maker, and a notable wit belonging to the village of Moy. Terry was, as I said, a great favorite on both sides of the Blackwater, which there separates Armagh from Tyrone. Being a great favorite, it followed as a matter of course, in those days, that Terry was fond of his glass, which, however, he seldom drank at his own expense, his company being so much in demand at wake and wedding, fair and market. I should be sorry to say that honest Terry was a drunkard, but only that he had quite a knack of throwing up the little finger, as the neighbors said, and a wonderfully keen perception as to where "the drop" was on foot.

Well! it happened one fine moonlight night that Terry had been induced to stay rather later than was prudent in Benburb where he had been, as usual, selling his brogues on the market-day. After spending his evening at Billy Hagan's public-house with a number of his acquaintances, he at length started for home accompanied by some five or six "boys" whose road lay in the same direction. As they jogged merrily along together, perhaps seeing double as they went, some one remarked in a jocular tone that he shouldn't wonder if Lady Maud was astir that fine night. The mention of her name was rather a damper on the half-drunken mirth of the travellers, but none of them was willing to pass for a coward, so every one affected to laugh, and some went so far as to say that they shouldn't care if she *did* show herself.

"Yis, boys," said Terry Rooney, who always aimed at outdoing every one else, "yis, boys, we often gave a penny at a fair to see what wasn't as great a sight. Hur-rah! if she ever manes to pay us a visit, now's her time."

A general laugh greeted this drunken bravado, and Terry himself laughed louder than any. This was all very well so long as there was plenty of company, but as the night wore on, and one after another began to cut across the fields to their respective dwellings, the spirits of the others rapidly sank, and each seemed very glad when his own turn came to say "good night." Terry, as is usual with great boasters, was at heart the greatest coward of all, and his heart sank within him at the thought that he had the farthest to go, and had, moreover, to pass right through the town of Charlemont. Still he endeavored to keep a good face on the matter, and to the parting injunction of his last companion to "take care of Lady Maud down about the river," he made answer very valiantly: "I disregard her—I didn't care she was standin' there."

"How do you know but she is?" was the half-joccular, half-serious remark of the young weaver as he mounted the ditch and lightly leaped down on the other side.

"Bad scran to you, Phelim!" muttered Terry to himself as he looked after him, and then thought of the miles which yet lay between him and home, the long, lonely miles which precisely formed Lady Maud's walk when she did condescend to leave the fort. "It's easy for *you* to talk about—*about*—ahem!" looking timidly round like a frightened deer, as though he feared the very mention of the dreaded name might conjure up the spirit, "you that's snug and safe at the hob by this time. Well! anyhow, there's no use lettin' one's courage down—so here goes!" and off he started at a brisk trot, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and seldom, indeed, at any distant object, but keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the path before him. Charlemont Castle was full in sight, but Terry never once raised his eyes to see how it looked in the bright summer moonlight. The beauty of the river, the grandeur of the fortress towering on the rocky height, the snug, sheltered aspect of the little town grouped beneath, all softened and subdued in their various tints by the mellow radiance of the moon, none of these things did Terry notice. Under different circumstances, he might, perchance, have

"Paused on every charm,"

but on this occasion, Terry's perception of scenic beauty was under a cloud. He was just wondering whether the "people were all in bed" in the town, and hoping that some stragglers might still be loitering about the Charlemont Arms, when, Christ save us! a tall lady, an extra tall lady, stepped out from a lane at his very side and walked with him foot for foot. There was no mistaking this new companion. The rustle of her glittering silk robe, the nodding plumes of her head-dress, looking for all the world like those of a hearse, and above all her appearance at such a time in such a place. Her face Terry did not see, he thanked God for he supposed the look of her eyes would have been his death. Completely paralyzed with terror, and now thoroughly sobered, poor Terry gathered himself into the smallest possible bulk in order to keep clear of the ghost who walked so close that he fancied she touched him and his flesh crept and his hair stood on end at the very thought. An icy chill fell on his heart, and he said to himself, "if God hasn't said it, I'm done for now!"

His only hope was in finding some one still up in the town, and a thrill of joy half warmed his frozen heart as he saw light in some two or three of the houses on either hand. The first of these was on the opposite side of the street, and making a desperate rush, Terry had almost gained the door, when between him and it glided in the tall spectral form. The unlucky wight strove to get out the name of the man of the house, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and a word he could not utter if worlds were given him. Each successive house that he tried to enter, the result was just the same, the ghost resuming her march by his side as soon as she had turned him away from the door. Despair seized the unfortunate brogue-maker, and his mind bewildered with terror, he was several times on the point of speaking to his unwelcome companion, hoping thereby to get rid of her, but as often did he catch the words when half uttered, recollecting that by speaking to an evil spirit he ensured his own destruction. During the long walk through Charlemont street, (and it seemed to Terry of interminable length, for he could only propel himself at a snail's pace,) the ghost did all but speak herself in order to make *him* speak, but Terry stoutly persisted in keeping silence, and although his limbs were beginning to fail and his teeth to chatter with frightful energy, still he bore up bravely, all things considered. At length the bridge was in sight gracefully spanning the deep, dark river, the moonlight flinging its silver lines through the arches along the smooth, glassy surface of the water. At this sight a portion of the load was suddenly raised from Terry's heart, and hope began again to creep in. The very sight of the water suggested the possibility of escape, but still the dread certainty of evil was by his side, and the river many a long yard off. As the strangely-assorted pair approached the Blackwater, the supernatural being became more and more agitated—the feathers were shaken convulsively, the brocade rustled with the sound of a mighty wind amid the forest leaves, and closer than ever the lady drew to the side of the shrinking brogue-maker who well nigh gave himself up for lost. He imagined that he felt the fierce darts of the spirit's eyes scorching his very brain, and like the basilisk there was fascination in her gaze, for it was by a desperate effort he kept from glancing up at her. At last they got within a few paces of the bridge, and Terry was collecting his energies for a grand spring, when Lady Maud placed herself full before him. Driven to desperation, Terry muttered in an audible voice:

"Blessed Mother! pity me this night!"

Instantly the ghost moved out of his way, shaking her clenched fist at him in a menancing and very unlady-like way. Terry was on the bridge, however, and to his great relief, she remained in the rear, but whether she followed him or not he dared not stop to ascertain, till, having reached the opposite side, he drew a long convulsive breath, and making the sign of the cross, boldly turned to see whether he had indeed got rid of his fearful companion.

"Thanks be to God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" was Terry's fervent ejaculation as he again armed himself with the sacred sign,—this time in thanksgiving. The bridge was clear—and casting his eyes along the meadows on the Charlemont side he saw the grand-looking figure of Lady Maud moving along in a parallel line with the river. Terry feeling that he was safe,* began to wax courageous, and stood to have a good look at the ghost for the benefit of many a future audience. When she had got a short distance down the river, he was startled to see her stand still and turn her face towards him. At the same moment he heard a hollow, ringing voice, as if borne by him on the water, and it said:

"You are as wise as the man who never told a dream!"

Whether the words were meant for him or not, Terry was quite willing to apply them to himself, and they were ever after given by him with ghostly solemnity as the climax of the "wonderful tale."

But Terry was wont to add by way of conclusion that when he got to his own door and knocked, "the minnit Susy came with the light he fainted cowld dead on the thrashel—so he did!"

It was fortunate for Terry's numerous friends and acquaintances that he was "brought to" by a copious discharge of cold water on his face, albeit that he was not as grateful to his loving spouse as he might have been. The first words that escaped his unsealed lips were:

"Bad manners to you, Susy! are you goin' to drownd me, after all I came through the night!"

"Get up agra, get up off the cowld ground," for he was still prostrate, "an' tell us what's wrong with you—did you see anything worse than yourself?"

"Ah, then, it's myself that did Susy, an' you'll say when you hear the full account of it, that only I'm a man in five thousand I wouldn't be here now to tell it?"

So Terry proceeded to tell the story, and if that was the first time he told it, it wasn't the last by five score.

It was ever afterwards remarked of honest Terry that he kept as good hours as any man in the country-side, on which account Susy was in the habit of saying to the neighbors: "It's an ill-wind, dear, that blows nobody good. Many a shillin' that went into other people's pockets before this, comes home to me now. So you see Lady Maud done me a good turn, an' if she was the ould fellow himself, I'm entirely obliged to her!"

(To be continued.)

* It is the popular belief that the spirit cannot by any possibility cross a stream of running water. Ghosts never "cross the bourne."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A NUT FOR BIGOTS.

Sir Walter, with all his affectation of liberality and philanthropy, was, in reality, an arrant bigot. In his Monastery, he makes the monks all fools and knaves, and the Abbot is disfigured by similar deformities. Sir Walter, in his Diary of February 28, 1829, let the following strain of stupid bigorty roll from his pen:

"I cannot get myself," he writes, "to feel at all anxious about the Catholic question. I can not see the use of fighting about the platter when you have let them snatch the meat off it. I hold Popery to be such a mean and depraving superstition, that I am not sure I could have found myself liberal enough for voting the repeal of the penal laws as they existed before 1780. They must, and would, in course of time, have smothered Popery; and I confess, I should have seen the old lady of Babylon's mouth stopped with pleasure. But now that you have taken the plaster off her mouth, and given her free respiration, I cannot see the sense of keeping up the irritation about the claim to sit in Parliament. Unopposed, the Catholic superstition may sink into dust, with all its absurd ritual and solemnities;—still it is an awful risk. The world is in fact as silly as ever, and a good competence of nonsense will always find believers. Animal magnetism, phrenology, &c., &c., have all had their believers, and why not Popery? Ecod! if they should begin to make Smithfield broils, I do not know where many an honest Protestant could find courage enough to be carbonadoed. I should shrink from the thoughts of tar barrels and gibbets, I am afraid, and make a very pusillanimous martyr. So I hope the Duke of Wellington will keep the horned beast well in hand, and not let her get her legs over the barrows."

In less than five weeks after, the Catholic question was carried! The Duke of Wellington frankly declared that he conceded it through fear, not through favor and affection.

A few years have rolled by, and what changes have taken place! Popery now reigns supreme at Abbottsford. The inditer of the foregoing is represented, legally and absolutely, by an ultramontane professor of "the mean and depraving superstition." Mr. Hope Scott throws off articles in favor of the infallibility of the Pope from the very desk, that whilom bore a heavy weight of anti-papal odium. He reverently prays before his crucifix, tells his beads, and hears Mass in the halls that echoed with senseless scoffs at Popery in days gone by. A great moral lesson truly, and one which will preach itself home, it is hoped, to many a bigot's heart.

Gen. Packer, Governor elect of Pennsylvania, ruptured a blood vessel a few days since while out hunting. He was in a dangerous condition for some time, but is better now.

A FRENCHMAN IN IRELAND. No. 3.

CASHEL—THE MORNING ANGELUS.

I have taken up my temporary quarters at Cashel, which might be called, like Thurles, an agricultural town, for, with the exception of a few public functionaries, and of about half a dozen male shopkeepers, who drive a petty retail trade, its six or eight thousand inhabitants are employed in agriculture—under such circumstances, however, as put the possibility of their ever becoming rich completely out of the question, though they may make sufficient to keep them above want; and, so fearful were the trials through which the rural populations passed in the Famine years, that for the present, at least, this seems to satisfy their ambition. My lodgings are comfortable, and I slept soundly, surrounded by five or six painted pasteboard heads, on which my landlady (Miss Ryan) is in the habit of trying the effect of those little net caps intended one day to deck the simple charms of the rustic belles. At the earliest dawn I was awakened by the songs and shouts of a joyous crowd of men, women, and children, all moving about tumultuously before my windows, which open on a square shaded by platanus and a few loose chestnut trees. I descended on tiptoe, and, softly opening the door, which was still fast, barred, I was soon mingling with animated groups, all talking eagerly in loud voices. The mowers, who were the most sedate, held aloof at one end of the square, leaning on their formidable-looking instruments; women seeking to be employed either as haymakers or binders, were ranged in circles, sitting down, their heads leaned on one side in attitudes whose *nonchalance* was not without a certain coquetry. Haymakers there were passing to and fro, with fork on shoulder, cracking jokes with tall, good-looking girls. Many a curious glance was cast on me, but I must have been found wanting *l' air proprietaire*, for to me no one offered service. And now three distinct strokes came sounding from the bell of the neighboring church, which, being thrice repeated, thus rang out the morning Angelus to "Mary full of Grace." Every head was uncovered, every forehead bowed down, and signed extern the Cross, while the pious murmur of prayer trembled on every lip. In the meantime the neighboring farmers, mounted on small horses or ponies, with flowing manes, debouched from the surrounding streets, coming at a full trot into the centre of the square, where each speedily selected what he required; the bargain was soon made—they shook hands, and immediately filed off in small squadrons, leaving the square deserted save by a few stragglers.

A CONFAB.

I entered into conversation with my next neighbor, and soon brought him to talk freely on the topics of the day; I don't mean the Bombay mutiny, or the siege of Delhi, but the price of potatoes and the rate of wages.

"The times are much improved, sir," said he, unceremoniously hob-nobbing with me; "seven years ago people thought it a compliment to offer sixpence a day, without diet, for ten hours' labor in the heat of the sun! and even that not all the year round, and out of it wife and children had to be supported. Ah!" cried he, "those were hard times indeed!"

"And now?"

"O now, to tell the truth, it is quite a different thing—a good laborer can now readily earn three or even four shillings a day, which is enough to support himself and his family,—" and glancing at the clock, "I've loitered long enough, Mr. D. is a hard man, and if he gives good hire he must get full time."

So saying he passed out, but as I had still some enquiry to make I determined to follow, and keeping up with his pace, I resumed my questions, and, to do him justice, I found him perfectly willing to afford all the information in his power.

"Formerly many hands were idle, seeking employment, which was not to be had. Now the demand is the other way—there is more work than hands to do it."

"To what do you attribute this change?"

"There is more work and fewer hands."

"Why fewer hands?"

"Oh, sir, it is a sorrowful story, and would melt a heart of stone. Within the last ten years famine, cholera, and emigration have carried off two millions, exactly one-fourth of our people; and though it was a dreadful way of making room for others, still room was made."

"And do you think that, making due allowance for the diminutions of hands, there is still an increase in the amount of labor?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Can you say in what way?"

"In my neighborhood they are reclaiming bogs, building is going on, and a railroad making. I hear it is the same way everywhere; but, if you wish for exact information, you had better apply to some one who has more learning than myself; there's the sun high over the Rock of Cashel—I must hurry on." And, saluting me civilly, he hastened down the other side of the hill we had been ascending in company.

UTILITY OF PUBLIC THOROUGHFARES.

In a future communication I will return to this extraordinary violent suppression of two millions of the Irish people. What an awful way of *making room*, as my informant called it! I wish at present chiefly to notice the great improvement caused by the rapid communications and the increased facilities for traffic between the different parts of the country afforded by the four great railways now connecting Dublin with the North, West, South and East. The state of the public thoroughfares is a ready criterion by which to judge of the civilization and general prosperity of a country. Amongst the Ancients, the Romans possessed the greatest power of subjugating nature—and when a new province or kingdom was annexed to the empire, those modelled conquerors immediately covered it over in every direction with imperishable roads—portions of which the researches of antiquaries are every day bringing to light in admirable preservation from beneath the ruins of our superficial modern constructions; and the merest fragment of those roads once trod by the Roman Legions, in Gaul or Algeria—in Pannonica or Britain—enables us at once to appreciate the extent and the power of that empire. And at the present day why are the magnificent provinces of Asia Minor deserted and comparatively uncultivated—though such is their marvellous fertility that a single grain dropped into the earth returns 100 ears of wheat? Is it not indubitably because no practical communications—no roads are in existence to open trains to the commerce of the world? The inauguration of the first railway was, therefore, the signal of new life in Ireland. It afforded vent for her produce, labor for her hands—an object for her activity, and an aim for her industry. Prices of every description were raised, the value of labor increased four-fold in a land where man still bears the curse of Adam, and must win his daily bread with the sweat of his brow.

CHARLES BIANCONI.

The immense improvement in Ireland since the introduction of railways ought not to render us unmindful of a man whose name shall finds it place here as that of a benefactor to the land of his adoption. Few Irishmen have done so much for the country as a foreigner—Mr. Charles Bianconi; and few since O'Connell have enjoyed a larger share of popularity. His history is curious and interesting as a romance, and his splendid fortune, one of the largest in the country, proves that merit is sometimes rewarded with success. Born at Milan, Mr. B.—then only twelve years of age—was cast upon the Irish shore, the sport of fortune. His family, which was honorable but impoverished, had given absolute control over him to the man he accompanied, and who employed him as a sort of hawker. And the boy with bright eyes and smiling lips—gasconading in his Transalpine English—went traversing the ill-kept roads of his new country, offering at every door that assortment of merchandize which the Italians call *Sante e belle*—men renowned for virtue—women celebrated for beauty. His first pennies—painfully gathered—were soon changed to shillings, which in time grew into pounds. And now the young man remembered how long and weary seemed the roads he had travelled alone and on foot, for up to this time there was not one public car in Ireland! Already the possessor of a small capital, he started an open car drawn by one horse, and carrying four passengers, to run between Clonmel and Cahir. At first the speculation did not pay, it had to struggle against apathy and routine; but soon the tide turned, and its success was immense. He prospered, and he made Ireland prosper. By this means many parts of the country were brought into regular daily communication, distances were shortened, and the peasant was taught to know the value of time by being enabled to save it. A true man in the highest signification of the word, and practising charity, that divinest of virtues, Mr. Bianconi wishes to make those who helped to build up his fortune participators in some of its blessings. When any of his numerous staff of *employes* fall sick, or grow old or infirm, he takes care of them and of their families, as if they were his own, and as if he were himself only the administrator of his own fortune, under the eye of God. He is a noble example to those heartless landlords who may be said, almost without a figure, to live in a strange land, on the blood, and sweat, and tears of their ruined tenantry.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

I have dwelt thus long on Mr. B's. story because he has exercised a substantial influence on Ireland, by preparing and commencing what the railways are destined to complete. He is one of the first originators of the progress I am studying. In the history of this hapless but beautiful country, which has been so cruelly neglected by those whose first care and whose first thought should have been for her, and which has received such scant justice from all sides, the name of a worthy citizen or of a good landlord is as sweet to the heart as a green oasis is to the eye fatigued with the burning aridity of the desert; besides, I am anxious, where it is possible, to bestow praise, to counterbalance by anticipation the censure which I may feel it imperative to pronounce in the course of this my study of Ireland and the Irish.

Seek first the Kingdom of God, and the rest shall be added unto you; the *rest* to Mr. Bianconi being an honorable old age, happy and calm as the close of a summer's day, an old age which is passing away tranquilly beneath the shade of the great trees of Longfield Park—trees and park his own, the fruit of his honest and unselfish industry, and surrounded by a family who will prolong his memory by practising his virtues.

Consolation.—A miserly old farmer, who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay-making, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the poor fellow's grave, "It is a sad thing to lose a good mower at a time like this; but, after all, poor Tom was a dreadful great eater."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXX.

Provincial Missions for Repeal commenced—Letter from O'Connell—Revision of the Dublin Burgess-Roll—O'Connell's jocose performance of that Labor—Termination of his year of office—Civic Banquet.

I HAVE already said, that during this entire year I saw but little of O'Connell. The parliamentary session demanded his presence during the summer in London. In the Autumn I was appointed by the Association to take his place in organizing the province of Leinster in the Repeal movement. John O'Connell and Ray were at the same time deputed to organize Connaught and Munster. Our trio assembled at the Mansion House, on the night of September the 11th, 1842, in order to compare notes, and regulate our plans for the campaign. I have elsewhere given details of the progress of the mission.*

On the 12th we set out. O'Connell addressed the following epistle to me, on the subject of our undertaking:

"Darrynane Abbey, 9th Sept., 1842.

"MY DEAR DAUNT,—I hope you are making arrangements for opening the campaign of agitation. It is time it were begun. But act cautiously—be sure to have the approval of the Catholic clergy in every place you move to. I intended to have written to you at greater length, but will defer it until Sunday or Monday. Write to me fully all the prospects of the approaching campaign.

"Is there anything you wish me to do, or say, or write?

"Communicate my *orders*† to my dear friend, Tom Steele,† to keep his bed until his physician tells him he may rise.

"Yours, my dear Daunt, most sincerely,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The missionaries had anticipated the request conveyed in this communication, which reached me at Mullingar. In reply, I begged the Liberator might address, through the newspapers, a letter to the people of Ireland, calling upon them to rally round the missionaries of Repeal. He shortly afterwards did so.

Municipal business called him from his mountain home. He was compelled most reluctantly to abridge his stay at Darrynane, in order to revise the burgess-roll of Dublin.

It was a Herculean task. The list contained the names of 18,000 persons, the claims of whom were to be severally investigated. The time was limited by the statute, possibly with the object of throwing difficulty in the way of attaining the franchise. Wagers were laid that O'Connell would be unequal to the labor; that, in fact, no human power could condense the necessary business within the limited period assigned for its performance.

"We'll try it, at any rate," said O'Connell. And to work he set—jesting, quizzing, and punning to relieve the tedium of his monotonous duty.

"It is a tremendous piece of work, said FitzPatrick, in a letter to me; "but the labor sits lightly on our indefatigable friend."

And so it did, if we may judge from the following *jeux d'esprit*, which I take from the reports in the Dublin Morning Papers of the period.

CONSCIENCE!

"The name of Miles Magrath being called, one of the collectors was asked what profession Mr. Magrath belonged to?

"Collector—He is a crier in the Court of Conscience.

"Lord Mayor—Mr. Magrath would have to cry a long time indeed in that court before Conscience would answer his calls there." (Roars of laughter.)

A gentleman named "Stanley Ireland" presented himself as a claimant for the franchise.

"Mr. Stanley Ireland was objected to by Mr. Crean for non-payment of pipe-water tax.

"Lord Mayor—I did not think an objection to 'Ireland' would come from *your* side.

"Mr. Crean—You know we do not like the name of Stanley though. (Laughter.)

"Lord Mayor—But by admitting Stanley you extend the franchise to 'Ireland.' (Loud laughter.)

"It was discovered that the tax was paid, and Mr. Ireland was admitted.

"Lord Mayor—Well, this is a great day for Ireland. (Roars of laughter.)

"The next name was Henry Chinnery Justice. When the word 'Justice' was called,

"Mr. Wauchob said—Now, my lord, you cannot but say that you have Justice very near Ireland. (Loud laughter.)

"There appeared a Mr. Carew Smyth, whose claim to be enrolled as a burgess of the Merrion Ward had been admitted on the preceding Thursday, and who, addressing himself to the court, begged that the Lord Mayor would be good enough to rectify an error into which he had fallen with respect to the manner in which his (Mr. S.'s) name had been spelled upon the burgess list. His lordship was reported in the newspapers to have stated that he was acquainted with him (Mr. Smyth) for very many years, and that he always knew him to spell his name with an *i* and not with a *y*. The very opposite was the fact; for he had always written his name with a *y*; and as his name had been erroneously inserted in consequence of his lordship's misapprehension, he should esteem it a favor if the error were now corrected by substituting 'Smyth' for 'Smith' in the entry upon the burgess roll. (Laughter.) He was very anxious that this should be done.

"Lord Mayor—I am sorry we have committed any error which causes you annoyance, sir. We will cheerfully rectify it, since you have had your walk over here about it. You wish to have your name spelt Smyth, and not Smith.

"Mr. Smyth—Exactly, my lord. You were under the impression I was *S.m.i.t.h.*, and when remonstrated with to spell it *S.m.y.t.h.*, you are reported to have said to Mr. Stokes that 'you would not knock out my *i* to please him—(loud laughter)—that I was a *smith*, at all events, and that I might *hammer away*.' Pray have the error rectified.

"Lord Mayor (laughing)—Oh, certainly, sir; I am sorry you were occasioned any uneasiness. We *will* knock out your *i* since you desire it—(loud laughter)—and we'll give you a *y* with a sweeping tail as long as my own.

"Mr. Smyth bowed and retired, seemingly much satisfied.

Mr. Blackburne, the Tory Attorney-General, who was on the eve of his appointment as Master of the Rolls, applied for the franchise.

"Lord Mayor—Is there any objection to this claimant?

"Mr. Crean—Yes, my lord, I have an objection to his being placed upon the roll.

"Lord Mayor—But have you any objection to his being placed in the *Rolls*?"

Serjeant (now Judge) Jackson—an enthusiastic abettor of the tythe system, ministers' money, and so forth, applied for the franchise, and

"was objected to on behalf of the Liberals on the ground that he had not paid 'Ministers' Money.'

"The collector was asked if such was the fact, and he replied that the gentleman was certainly in arrear. Shouts of laughter followed this announcement.

"Lord Mayor—I should feel sorry if he was returned for any other tax in arrear.

"Mr. Stokes—It is fortunate for the learned judge he is not now in Parliament, for what has transpired here would become a standing joke there for your lordship."

In truth, Jackson's remissness in the payment of his "ministers' money" is only one among ten thousand instances of a similar description. The loudest advocates of State Protestantism have themselves been as frequently defaulters in the payment of tithe to the parsons as the Catholic people, upon whom they endeavored to perpetuate that odious impost.

A singular case of arrear in a different tax was exhibited:

"The non-payment of poor-rate was made a subject of objection to various parties living within the precincts of the Castle. The collector stated that he had not been able to collect one penny poor-rate out of the Castle, and the Lord Lieutenant himself (Earl De Grey) was in arrear to the tune of £74.

"Lord Mayor—The Lord Lieutenant! you shock me!

"Mr. Stokes—Did Lord Ebrington owe any of that sum?

"Collector—Yes, indeed he did."

Notwithstanding O'Connell's indefatigable application to his laborious task, yet he feared, on the last two days, that he could not accomplish what yet remained undone. He, however, resolved to persevere—and succeeded. His success was triumphantly announced to me in an epistle from FitzPatrick, from which I give the following extract:

"Dublin, October 16, 1842.

* * * * *

"O'Connell has 'blazoned new honors on his crowded shield.' In fact, he has completed the municipal revision of 18,000 names strong, at within five minutes to twelve last night—the legal hour for closing! This achievement is, indeed, matter for special wonder. The English revision courts have, in every instance, failed to effect the business within the period, even although none of their lists of claimants equalled in numerical force that which our Hercules has disposed of.

"Unfavorable, too, as the nature of the investigation obviously was to the manifestation of his mighty capabilities, yet he contrived, even through it, to develope all the qualities of a great judge. So say the *primates* of the law. Truly it is a singular exploit. O'Connell has proved the achievement to be practicable by *him*; but succeeding years will show,

"'That other mayors toil after him in vain.'"

* * * * *

As O'Connell toiled away towards the close of his task, various efforts were made by the adverse party to interrupt him. "My Lord Mayor, the time's run out"—"My Lord Mayor, it's two minutes past twelve o'clock." But O'Connell would not be distracted, and he continued marking off the names with great celerity, his watch lying on the table before him. Every moment was precious; and in order that the work might be brought to a close within the prescribed period, he admitted, without examination, during the last hour, several Tory claimants; being conscious that the Liberal numerical strength must, at all events, leave the foe in a minority; whilst, if he should fail in concluding the revision before midnight, all his previous toil would go for nothing.

When he stood up, at five minutes before twelve, to proclaim that the last name on the whole list had been reached, the announcement elicited a burst of astonishment and applause, from foes as well as friends; and many of the former could not avoid congratulating him upon his extraordinary triumph, in the hearty zeal of their admiration.

His year of mayoralty now rapidly approached its close; and he rejoiced in the prospect of exemption from its multiplied annoyances. "In another fortnight," said he, in a speech at the Repeal Association, "I'll have the privilege of knocking down any man who calls me 'My Lord.'"

On the 1st of November, 1842, he quitted his municipal office. His successor, Mr. George Roe, a Protestant gentleman, was unanimously chosen by the Corporation. There was, of course, a grand civic procession—O'Connell occupied the old glass coach, so delightful to all the amateurs of raree-shows.

The evening banquet given by the new Lord Mayor was rendered interesting by the festive harmony of men of the most opposite politics; and O'Connell seized the occasion to impress upon all parties the necessity of casting old feuds into oblivion. In returning thanks for the toast of his health, he said:

"That if his loved friend the Lord Mayor had expressed the gratification which he felt at the manner in which his name had been received by the company, how much more intense must his (Mr. O'Connell's) feelings be, when he found himself the object of such enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. (Hear, hear.) There were sentiments which could not be described—feelings which could not be translated into words—there was a glow of the soul which might be felt, but which could not be communicated, and he felt the truth of this assertion that moment most deeply, most sincerely, and most unequivocally. (Loud cheers.) Perhaps it was merely an overweening vanity, while he attributed it to a higher and a nobler sentiment, which induced him to think that they had spent a useful day for Ireland. Yet he could not prevent his mind from dwelling with feelings of unfeigned delight upon the remembrance of that day, for the demonstrations which they had witnessed proved that political rancor was not a sentiment indigenous to their hearts, but that party feeling melted away before the genial warmth of generous confidence and kindness. Why should they stand aloof one from the other? Why suffer obsolete prejudices, which were disgraceful to their natures, to prevent them from joining together with that unanimity of word and action which it was delightful to find in men of the same country? Were they not all Irishmen? Were they not all combined for the common advantage of their native land? Paltry and degrading were the pitiable prejudices which had heretofore prevented them from regarding each other as friends and brothers, and surely it was now full time that they should emerge from the slavish influence of that unhappy spirit of disunion which could only serve to bring disquietude to themselves and irreparable injury to their country. Oh, if the same delightful spirit of unanimity and harmony which animated the breasts of all who were assembled in that goodly company could be diffused throughout the length and breadth of our distracted land, what greatness was there that she might not achieve—what happiness that she might not accomplish? (Loud cheers.) Too long had they been divided; but he thanked the Lord Mayor for the noble example of liberality which he had set, and most ardently did he hope that every man in Ireland who possessed any portion of that enlightenment and discernment for which his friend was distinguished, would come forward and adopt a similar course of conduct. Why should they be severed any longer? They had a common country to serve, and a common duty to perform—there was much to be remedied, much to be redressed—but it was by union, concord, and good-fellowship alone that they could hope to accomplish the important designs which it was necessary to achieve. (Hear, hear.) He thanked Heaven that in the Corporation nothing like party spirit had been displayed; and that although they occasionally counted one side against the other, no sentiment had ever escaped from the lips of a member of the council which savored of acrimony or political rancor. Why should not this spirit be fostered and cherished, until its benign influence should be diffused throughout the land, bringing peace to the distracted breast, and shedding the blessings of concord and of happiness all round? They had begun well, and if there was in the civic chair last year a man of one religion, he thanked Heaven that it would be filled by a man of a different religion during the year ensuing. Most strenuously and most zealously had he (Mr. O'Connell) endeavored during his year of office to pursue a course of the strictest impartiality; but whatever became of the last year, no man who came before his esteemed friend who now held the mayoralty, could imagine for one instant that his religious or political tenets could have any influence in promoting or retarding his rights. One day such as the present was worth whole centuries of strife. It served to knit men together in the bonds of amity—it consolidated public opinion—it conciliated hearts which heretofore had been adverse, and it contributed to promote the happiness and prosperity of the country, by making her sons dwell together in harmony. He had declared at the commencement that he could not translate the feelings of his heart, and never did he feel more inadequate to the task than at the present moment. He was dreaming aloud. He never thought that he should see such a day as that. (Cheers.) This was the consummation for which he had been battling for many a year, and if he knew anything of his own heart, he would declare in the presence of his God, who would judge him, that this was the dearest object of his life. They had been kind enough to make him think that he had contributed to such a day; but of this he was confident, that his friend Mr. Roe had done more than even he (Mr. O'Connell) towards this consummation. The citizens of Dublin were happy in being able to select for their chief magistrate a man of such high character—of such unsullied honor—a man who, in every relation of life, had won the respect of his fellow-men, and who, in a country where party spirit unfortunately ran to too high a pitch, had been so singularly fortunate as to conciliate to himself the good wishes and good opinions of all classes indiscriminately. These remarks were the outpourings of his heart rather than the studied compositions of the brain; as such he would have them regarded."

Alderman Butt, of Tory celebrity, made a speech, which he ended by quoting and adopting O'Connell's oft-repeated wish to behold Ireland—

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

(To be continued.)

* See "Ireland and Her Agitators," p. 236.

† Steele had been dangerously ill during the summer.

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

The ultimate total disappearance of the Aboriginies of North America is daily becoming more and more apparent. They yield slowly but surely before the onward march of the white race in this country. It is about three centuries since the first (unsuccessful) attempt was made by the English to colonize this continent, and during the greater part of that time war has been going on between the two races, the white men gradually but steadily advancing, and the red men receding before them, until they have both at length reached the shores of the Pacific, in whose placid waters these denizens of the forest imagined the sun to set. The hostile attitude assumed by the Mormons, and the fact that their relations with the Indians are of the most friendly character, render it very probable that these *Native Americans* will form an alliance with Brigham Young, and aid him in his conflict with the United States authorities. We fear that the warlike spirit which will be infused into the breasts of these red men, by this Mormon war, will be a source of much trouble to our government and people, long after the Mormons shall have been exterminated from the country.

That we are to have a continuance of the Indian wars in this region of the country, before the final disappearance of the Indian race, cannot be doubted, and those who have read the history of the early settlement of this country, and the determined resistance the colonists encountered from their savage opponents, will not doubt that the struggle will be a long and bloody one. The contest between the white and red man has been of unexampled duration when we remember the relative positions of those engaged in it—on the one side a progressive race, always turning to account every invention, and profiting by the knowledge and experience of their forefathers, on the other a race of savages who seem almost unable to comprehend the meaning of the word progress. Nor was the contest altogether so unequal in all its phases. For the first century the chances of success hung in the balance, and it was not until after Philip's war that the cause of the red man "Kicked the beam." The chiefs of the early days of those settlements which were destined to become permanent do not seem to have possessed the sagacity of their successors, or they would have exterminated, as they could easily have done, the handful of colonists which first came amongst them. Had they done so the acquisition of the country would have been delayed some years and its early history materially affected. Perhaps, however, the difference in the chiefs was less in their minds than in the effect the more intimate knowledge of the purposes and power of the whites reduced upon those who succeeded them. The early settlers, being few in number, were not calculated to alarm the Indians, but in the course of thirty or forty years they had increased in strength and resources to so great an extent that men like King Phillip began to see and point out to their followers the necessity of a united resistance, on their part, to the encroachments of the colonists. True there never had been a long-continued peace between the two races, but the various tribes had always acted without concert, and a portion of them fought on the sides of the whites; they were, therefore, defeated and destroyed by a handful of men whom, if they had earlier united against, they could easily have annihilated. They discovered the truth at last, but too late to save themselves from the destructive effects of their intestine divisions. The colonists were fortunate in never having encountered a very powerful alliance of their Indian neighbors. During the old French war, the Indians fought against the English with bravery and effect. In the Revolution England employed many of them to fight against our freedom, and since that time a new series of contests have been going on, in which the Government of the United States has been arrayed against the Indians. In these wars the savages have invariably been ultimately defeated, but they have in many cases evinced great bravery and occasionally have obtained decisive victories over their opponents.

But they are fast disappearing from the face of the earth, the unhappy victims of pestilence and the sword. In a few short years the forests they have hunted through, the prairies they have camped upon and the rivers they have fished in, will be the quiet resting-places of *the last* of the Aborigines of North America. —*Fond du Lac Union.*

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The workers employed in the York street Flax Spinning Mill, Belfast, turned out upon a strike, owing to an intimation, on the part of the manager, that their wages would be reduced 10 per cent. The workers offered to work three-quarter time at their old rate of pay, but their offer was refused. The number of persons thrown out of employment is about 2,500; but it is not known whether the strike will be confined to the department already on. The lappers and flax-dressers are still at work. There is a rumor that other mill-owners will reduce the wages 10 per cent.

There cannot at present be fewer than 2,000 needlewomen, recently earning a subsistence by working for the warerooms, wholly unemployed in Belfast alone. The fact is absolutely alarming, and perhaps the darkest feature of the present monetary and commercial crisis. This state of things can not much longer exist without entailing a heavy ultimate penalty upon the community at large.—*Banner of Ulster.*

The price of bread at Mr. Hughe's Bakeries, Belfast, has been reduced to 6d. for the 4lb. fine or household loaf; 6 1-2d. for the superfine, and 7d. for the extra-superfine.

Mr. Andrew Harbison, in custody in Antrim gaol for aiding and assisting John James Moore in the Belfast tea frauds, has been admitted to bail.

Samuel Gibson Getty, Esq., Mayor of Belfast for the last year, was re-elected for the ensuing one.

Armagh.

We are sorry to report a large increase of prisoners in our county jail, the number at present amounting to 100, including the four imported for the Lurgan riots. Since the 4th of September, 1856, there was nothing to approach this state of the prison. If crime be an index of poverty, our country must be in a bad state.—*Gazette.*

Carlow.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Patrick Hickey, the venerable Parish Priest of Arles, who died at his residence, on the 26th Nov., at the patriarchal age of eighty-four years. Few Priests in the Irish Church were more widely known. For more than half a century he discharged faithfully the arduous duties of an Irish Missionary Priest. This venerable Ecclesiastic, the patriarch of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, was born near Carlow on 13th October, 1773, and completed his studies for the sacred Ministry in Carlow College under Dr. Staunton. He was ordained at Tullow by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, on Holy Thursday, 1805, and was appointed to the laborious mission of Hacketstown on Easter Sunday of the same year. Except an interval of five years, which he spent in Baltinglass, Mr. Hickey remained as Curate and Parish Priest in the parish of Hacketstown until April, 1821, when Dr. Doyle translated him to the more important mission of Arles. —*Post.*

Clare.

As a man named Peppard was returning to his residence near Tyreda, he was waylaid in the neighborhood of Kiltannon by a party of men, who beat him in a most violent manner, and left him in a senseless and dangerous state. The unhappy man lies in a very precarious condition, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery. The cause assigned for this atrocious outrage is that Peppard took some land formerly occupied by a widow named Halpin.—*Journal.*

At Kilrush petty sessions, Michael Mulville and Charles Walsh were fined £22 10s. each, at the prosecution of the excise, for sowing tobacco seeds, which were given them by a travelling woman.

By the lamented death of Augustus Stafford, Esq., his elder brother, Henry O'Brien, Esq., becomes the inheritor of Cratloe Woods. He is married to Miss Neville, and has seven children

Cork.

Messrs. Scott, of Queenstown, have arranged their difficulties, by paying 12s. 6d. in the pound, at six, twelve, and eighteen months.

Daniel Donegan, Esq., J. P., was elected Mayor for the ensuing year.

Dublin.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Purcell O'Gorman, which occurred quite unexpectedly. He had been for some days confined to his room, but his medical attendant and family were under no apprehensions about his condition, when he was suddenly attacked with violent bronchitis, and on the following morning died without an effort, and in a state of complete consciousness. Mr. O'Gorman was in his 80th year, and received from Lord Grey the chairmanship of Kilkenny, which he held for a quarter of a century. He was no ordinary man, and occupied a leading position in the Catholic ranks during the entire period of the struggle from the days of the Catholic Committee to the final act of liberation. He was secretary to the great Catholic Association from its first institution to its closing day, and, though not remarkable for eloquence, he was a man of strong sense and great experience in public affairs. His opinions were always held in regard by the Catholic leaders, and by none more than O'Connell, who, while he differed from, respected him. Differences arose between them after Emancipation, but they made no lasting impression on the minds of either. Mr. O'Gorman's death leaves a vacancy in the chairmanship for Kilkenny, which ranks as first-class, though the business is by no means so great as in some second class counties.—*Freeman.*

What Sir Bernard Burke has effected in the Record Tower would astonish any one who, like ourselves, knew the place before his time, and see it now. He found the tower a chaos—records piled, or rather pitched, in masses, one upon another, and hidden in the dust and dirt of ages. A day, at least, and one of no small drudgery, used to be requisite to get any particular document, and frequently the searcher, overwhelmed and almost suffocated, and covered with dust, gave up the task in despair. Now the contrast is most striking. The whole tower is a model of neatness and arrangement from turret to foundation stone. Every record has its allotted place, and may be handed to the inquirer on the instant; and the lawyer, the antiquary, and the genealogist meet with no delay whatsoever in reaching the objects of their search. This Record Tower, independently of its historic recollections as the prison house of many a gallant Irish chief, deserves really from its present perfect elegance and order the stranger's inspection as much as many other public sights in Dublin.—*Literary Gazette.*

The English Government have come to the determination of erecting defences for the protection of Kingstown Harbor, for which purpose a secular battery is to be constructed on the East Pier-Head, armed with 68 pounders. The battery is to be commenced forthwith and will be completed in about twelve months, and will afford opportune employment to the workmen of Kingstown during the winter months.—*Saunder's.*

Samuel Lover, the author of "Rory O'More," &c., has a new work in the press upon the lyrics of Ireland. His time of late years has been almost exclusively devoted to its compilation and annotation.

Alderman Campbell has been chosen to fill the office of Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. His proposer and seconder were respectively Alderman Hoyte and Alderman Moylan.

It is stated with seeming confidence in the *Evening Mail* that a bill is in preparation—if not actually prepared—for the abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

Galway.

A deputation consisting of a number of the inhabitants oi Tuam proceeded to the residence of the Rev. P. Conry, P.P., Kilcommin and Robin, for the purpose of presenting him with an address and a purse containing one hundred sovereigns, as a tribute of the veneration and esteem in which he was held by the parishioners of Tuam during his Missionary career amongst them, which extended over a period of fifteen years.—*Tuam Herald.*

On the 20th November, the solemn and interesting ceremony of a reception took place at the Convent of Mercy, Galway. The young lady received into the holy sisterhood was Miss Eliza Costello, fourth daughter of the late John Costello, Esq., ot this town. The Right Rev. Mr. M'Evily, Bishop of Galway, officiated at the interesting ceremony, assisted by several of the clergy of the district. Miss Kinneen, of Athenry, was received on the same occasion.—*Ibid.*

Kerry.

The heir of Darrynane Abbey, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., and grandson to the Liberator, having attained his majority recently, Darrynane and the surrounding country was one scene of brilliancy and rejoicing. The atmosphere for miles around was lighted up with a glow of the bonfires that blazed on every mountain and hillock, while thousands of meteor-like rockets shot in all directions. Joy beamed on the faces of the stalwart and comfortable-looking tenantry as they gave vent to the exuberance of their joy in the rapid measures of the reel and moneen jig, which were played, in his most felicitous and flourishing style, by the facetious and light-hearted village piper. The music and dancing were kept up with an energy and good will that never flagged until the sun began to peep above the hill-tops. But amid the joyous revelry we noticed many a gray-headed retainer whose thoughtful and abstracted air plainly showed that his heart was full of the memories of bygone days—days when the immortal and never-to-be-forgotten Liberator, leaving the cares and anxieties of his wondrous public life behind, enjoyed at fitful intervals the society of his friends and the blessings of his tenantry in his romantic mountain home.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

A melancholy accident happened at Portmagee. A large beam of timber which, for the last three years, lay on a cliff near the quay, to which the smacks and fishing boats were generally moored, was lately moved forward on the verge of the cliff for the purpose of being sawed, and to which a smack belonging to a man named Shanahan, was moored by a rope from the quay, which rope youngsters were in the habit of laying hold and swinging themselves backwards and forwards. Unfortunately, five youths, of from 10 to 13 years of age, on their return from school, went to amuse themselves in that way, when, melancholy to relate, the beam slipped or canted off the cliff and fell on the poor little fellows from a height of from nine to ten feet, killing on the spot three of them named Hussey, Foley, and Shea, and so seriously injuring the other two, named Connell and Shea, that they also expired.—*Ibid.*

The inhabitants of the town of Dingle were astonished to see a large doe, about the size of a small ass, running down John street, up the Main street, and down the Green lane. When she went down to the strand, between Mr. Kavanagh's stores and the quay, she took to the water and began to swim across the harbor. Two of the coast-guards and a boy launched out a small boat and pulled in pursuit after her. When the boat came up with her, she was seen to jump like a sturgeon several feet above the water. One of the coast-guards had to let her go twice she was so strong. At last she had to yield, and she now lies safe in the coast-guard watch-house. Another boat pulled in pursuit of her from the quay, so for some time she was well pursued. She swam across about the one-third of the harbor before she was caught.—*Ibid.*

Lord Castlerosse has subscribed £800 towards building the spire of the cathedral in Killarney. The Countess of Kenmare has subscribed £200 towards the erection of a chapel in the same splendid edifice.

The Rev. Thomas Hallinan, C.C., Castleisland, has been appointed parish priest of Glenbeigh, in the room of the Rev. Timothy Enright, transferred to the parish of Ballyheigue.

Kilkenny.

On Sunday, 22d ult., a preparatory meeting was held in the sacristy of Castlecomer Catholic Church, to make arrangements for a collection, to take place on the 6th of December, for the purpose of paying for a beautiful organ which has been purchased for the sacred edifice, and of defraying other expenses. The meeting was presided over by the estimable pastor of the parish, the Very Rev. Dr. Aylward, who explained the object for which they met. He spoke of the necessity that existed for an organ suited to the great size and the style of their church. He said he had no doubt that the faithful people of Castlecomer would do their duty on this occasion, and that their children's children would bless them for their love of the beauty of God's house, and for their liberality in supplying their church with an organ which would ever resound with the praises of the Living God. No sooner was the subscription list opened than the magnificent sum of £271 was subscribed by those present, and this merely at a preparatory meeting. At a later meeting a sum as large as on the former occasion was subscribed, and the subscription list now amounts to upwards of £500. The new organ is in course of erection, and will be shortly inaugurated, when its glorious tones will reverberate for the first time through the aisles of the sacred edifice. It is expected that further collections will swell the subscription list to the sum of £1,000. The diocese of Ossory is certainly distinguishing itself by its munificent liberality towards the Church, and Castlecomer seems to be peculiarly possessed of this generous spirit. Ossory can boast of a cathedral second to none in the land—the only one in the country which has been built exclusively by the subscriptions of the people of the diocese; and Castlecomer, in the course of a few days, lays down £1,000 upon the altar of religion for the decoration of the temple and the glory of God.—*Journal.*

A correspondent of the *Kilkenny Journal* mentions that the Catholic policemen of Kilkenny are quite enraged at the blasphemies of the soupers on their religion, and that they will stand it no longer.

Limerick.

The Directors of the Limerick and Ennis Railway Company report that they have at last obtained a loan from government of £40,000, to be repaid by eighteen annual instalments, and the line is progressing steadily towards completion. Great difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a requisite number of men to carry on the earth works rapidly. The company will oblige the late contractors to reconstruct the Shannon bridge, so as to render it satisfactory to the government inspector. The work now to be done consists in laying seventeen miles of rails, erecting six public road bridges, and removing 20,000 yards of earth into the Meelick embankment; and Mr. Dargan states he will have no difficulty in executing these works, and having the line ready for traffic before the 1st of May next.

The Corporation met at the Town Hall, to appoint a Mayor for 1858. The candidates were—Alderman Joynt and Edmund Gabbett. After much discussion and a contest, Mr. Gabbett was elected by a majority of 1, the votes being, Mr. Gabbett, 20; Alderman Joynt, 19.

Louth.

From the proceedings at a meeting held in Drogheda last week, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for what is called the Indian Relief Fund, the lion-and-unicorn people in Ireland ought to take a lesson—that is—when they choose to call meetings for British purposes, they had better invite only their own supporters and sympathizers, and not "the inhabitants" generally. It has been made clear on several occasions that "the inhabitants" take a plain common sense view of the demand on their purses for an Indian relief fund. It is certainly very desirable that those persons who went from England to Bengal under the wings of a British army and lived there for a time very pleasantly, but who are now, in consequence of the revolt, reduced to beggary, should be afforded relief. It is perfectly right that they should be fed, clothed, and brought home, if they will consent to come; but there is no obligation on the people of these countries, least of all on the people of Ireland, to make fortunes for them. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have already been subscribed, thousands have been sent to India, hundreds have been paid to officials connected with the fund, and no less than £3,098 has been spent on puffs and advertisements in the newspapers! If there be money to spare in Ireland for charitable purposes, it is now more wanted in Ireland than in India. It is wanted for the unemployed weavers in Drogheda, for the distressed needlewomen in Belfast, for the unfortunate victims of landlord oppression in Donegal—men and women and children of our own blood and race, our kith and kin, whose misery is in part our own.—*Nation.*

Mr. Arthur Rogers, woollen draper, of Dundalk, recently received £15, restitution money, through the hands of the Rev. Mr. Heyfron, one of the Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul. The comprehensive pastoral anxiety of the excellent clergyman is evidenced in one of the observations contained in his letter to Mr. Rogers—namely, "I sincerely hope the good people of Dundalk are as fervent now as during the time of the mission."

Mayo.

We had, in this our good town on Wednesday last—the fair day—the brass band, the music loud, the colors flaunting, the martialest of the most martial airs, the handsomest of the most handsome recruiting parties, and, to cap the climax, an extraordinary gathering of boys and girls from all parts of the country. But, after the labors of the day, though many had drunk deeply of the sweet music, yet it was found that only *two* had really taken the "shilling." This is a slight falling off. Three were hooked on the last occasion, with half the parade spent on these two. It appears strange that the sergeant does not take a trip to those districts where the peasantry are so magnanimously loyal that they (in the words of a contemporary) "are only longing for an opportunity to go where glory leads."—*Castlebar Telegraph.*

Meath.

The work has been suspended at the magnificent erection of the Convent at Trim for some time, owing to the severity of the weather; but, when opportunity serves, it is determined to push it vigorously. Hitherto Dr. O'Connell and his zealous *collaborateurs* have not applied to the benevolent Faithful outside their own parish for means to carry on the work, which in its conception and execution is so creditable to all concerned with it, but they intend shortly to have recourse to them. The Convent at Trim challenges the admiration and support, not alone of the diocese of Meath, but of the whole Church of Ireland, and of every other quarter of the globe where the name of Ireland has been heard of.—*People.*

Tipperary.

The decayed state of the roof of the chapel in Clogheen was long an object of apprehension to the parishioners, whose funds had been exhausted in the erection of the church. Their fears were realized, and the roof fell in, and there is now only a temporary covering upon it. Under the circumstances, the parish priest of Clogheen, the Rev. Mr. O'Gorman, thought he would be justified in appealing to the generosity of those Catholic Irishmen who have found their way to the land of gold. He accordingly solicited from the Bishop of the diocese permission for the Rev. Mr. Shanahan, late curate of SS. Peter and Paul's, Clonmel, to undertake the task. The necessary license was granted, and the exemplary young clergyman, ever zealous in the performance of any duty appertaining to his sacred calling, cheerfully consented to put his hand to the good work. We believe in a

few days he will leave this country for Australia, there to commence his arduous task.—*Dublin Tablet.*

A riot of rather a serious nature took place at the fair of Bansha, between two parties named Hennessy and Brjen. The Hennessy party were severely beaten. The whole of the parties concerned in the riot were arrested by the police, and escorted next morning to Tipperary, when an investigation was instituted by P. C. Howley, Esq., R. M. The Hennessys lodged informations against the following persons: James Cushen, Hugh Brien, William Dwyer, Edmond Quirke, John Grogan, and Thomas Crough; all of whom were committed to Tipperary bridewell to await trial at Bansha Petty Sessions. —*Clonmel Chronicle.*

David Clancy was elected Mayor of Clonmel for the ensuing year.

Tyrone.

A party of the Gortin constabulary proceeded on a still-hunting excursion through the Glenelly mountains. On arriving at Barnan, they discovered a kiln drying malt, six barrels of malt, and two sacks of barley, which they destroyed. They then proceeded to Clougherny, when they observed a still at work; bat the smugglers having observed them at a distance, carried away the still, head, and worm. They then proceeded to the townland of Goles, where they seized and destroyed ten bushels grains, ten gallons potale, and two empty kegs. They again proceeded to still-hunt over the same district. When they arrived at Carrawortra, about eleven miles from Gortin, they discovered a still at full work, with all the utensils used in illicit distillation, upwards of 1,000 gallons of wort, and a keg containing eight gallons of potheen whiskey. They then proceeded to the townland of Oughtnamulla, where they succeeded in seizing two stills at full work, with all the necessary apparatus, together with about 700 gallons wort, which they also destroyed; after which they proceeded to the townland of Oughtmania, where they discovered an extensive malt-house, which contained 200 bushels of grain in process of malting, with about sixty bushels of dried malt. On returning home they discovered in the townland of Sperin Garvagh a large sunk barrel containing a quantity of wort, and convenient to the same place they discovered about 100 bushels of malt in sacks. The value of the above seizures is estimated at upwards of £300, and the duty on the materials, when distilled, would amount to about £200. These were the most extensive seizures ever made in this part of Ireland.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

The following new constabulary stations have been recently formed in the county Tyrone, viz.: In the Strabane district, three stations at Plumbridge, Killeter, and Sion Mills. In the Omagh district, one station at Montfield. In the Cookstown district, one station at Tulnacross. There will be another new station formed at Barness, in the Strabane district, shortly. It is in contemplation to form a new constabulary district, comprising the following stations: Gortin, Plumbridge, and Barness—to be under the charge of a sub-inspector to be stationed at Gortin, which town will be headquarters of the district.

Great numbers of both men and women are arriving along the line of the Derry and Enniskillen Railway almost every day, returned emigrants from America. About forty arrived on Thursday.—*Constitution.*

Wexford.

Several rebellious placards have been posted in Wexford and the neighboring parishes within the last few days.—*Independent.*

THE LEAGUE MEETING.

[*From the Nation.*]

On Tuesday last there met in the Council Rooms of the Tenant League, men who had come from the remotest corners of Ireland to hold a few hours' counsel on a subject of common interest. What greater illustration could we adduce of the feeling of the country upon the question? There was evidenced at the meeting, as we anticipated there would be, a wonderful awakening of public opinion upon the land question—which is, truly, the "question of questions." Mr. Moore, in consequence of his absence from Parliament, resigned the position of chief of the Tenant Right movement, which the unanimous voice of the country had conferred on him, and handed over the charge of the bill to an able successor in the person of John Francis Maguire. We, however, regard the retirement of Mr. Moore from Parliamentary life as only temporary; ere long his tact, prudence, and brilliant genius will be again at the service of the public in his old sphere of action; while meantime, they will not, we trust, be inactive in perhaps a more important and useful sphere—the working of the cause at home. The chief point which occupied the attention of the meeting was the advisability of abandoning the clause in the League Bill known as the "retrospective clause." That its abandonment would gain such a number of supporters for the remainder of the bill as would render its success in the House of Commons extremely probable, there is very little doubt; but it is by no means equally certain that Palmerston means anything honester in suggesting some such course than a wily endeavor to seduce the League members into an abandonment of their position; or that a bill, giving merely prospective compensation, would be thought worth acceptance by the country. If the English Minister be really sincere, there is nothing to prevent his introducing a measure with merely prospective compensation. But if the League is to act in the matter, it can as easily secure the carrying of the whole bill as a fraction of it; for Palmerston's idea of what is a "moderate demand" is wonderfully regulated by the amount of force brought to bear upon him. The unanimous decision of the Council on Tuesday—a decision in perfect accordance with the letters received from every province and county in Ireland—was to stand by the present bill, and to endeavor to take advantage of the general feeling of the country in favor of united and energetic action; and to bring such force to bear upon the members to make the whole bill appear what it is—"a moderate demand"—in the eyes of the Premier.

FATHER CONWAY AND HIS ENEMIES.

[*From the Nation.*]

Persecution has, ere now, united the Catholics of Ireland, hierarchy and clergy, pastors and people; at the tocsin of assault upon the faith, which is all of their ancient possessions they have preserved through centuries of bloody struggle, apathy has, ere now, started into energy, and division and feud into union and friendship. If the bigots of England presuming upon either apathy or division, thought to strike down an Irish priest, and over his prostrate body raise a yell of fanatical exultation, they may find their mistake. It did not need the resuscitation of obsolete severities to arouse the Catholics of Ireland to the fact that Father Conway was sought to be hunted down by those whose ferocious abuse of the highest dignitary of the church in Ireland has aroused, one and all, to the duty of common defence against a foe so unscrupulous and implacable. With unfeigned pleasure we note the fact that around the assailed priest have rallied, from every rank of the church, members of that sacred order, which they know right well it is the design to outrage in his person. Amongst the various clergymen and dignitaries of the church who have been foremost to assure Father Conway of their sympathy and support, we note with much pleasure Monsignore Yore; there is something particularly hopeful in seeing the old veteran who in many as hard a fight never flinched, nor faltered taking his stand by the side of the young soldier in the same good cause.

[*From the Dublin Tablet.*]

The *Morning Post*, Lord Palmerston's organ, has this week published an article against the Irish clergy, and specially against "Drs. M'Hale, Cantwell, and Cullen," which, for genuine literary ruffianism, surpasses anything that has appeared in the London press since the days when "surpliced ruffians" and "hooded assassins" were the ordinary epithets of the *Times* for the clergy of the Irish people. If this disgraceful and outrageous effusion had come from the vapid organ of the licensed victuallers, it might be passed by with contempt, but appearing in a journal which has for several years past been closely connected with leading members of the government, and absolutely devoted to Lord Palmerston himself, it must be looked on as a too significant sign of the times. As such let it be read by the Irish clergy and people, and let it kindle the saving fire of an honest indignation throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The *Post* believes that the Irish priest, "though everything is changing around him, and above him, and below him, *if there can be anything below this creature*" (such is the language this ruffian dares to use), has not changed since 1828 or '29, the days of the great struggle for Catholic Emancipation. We hope in God it will be found so, and we trust that our insolent revilers will find it so to their cost and grief ere long.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The English Parliament was opened on the 3d of the present month. The following is a synopsis of Queen Victoria's speech on the occasion:

"My Lords and Gentlemen—Circumstances have recently arisen connected with the commercial interests which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time. The failure of joint-stock Banks and of some mercantile firms have produced such an extent of distrust as led me to authorize Ministers to recommend to the Directors of the Bank of England the adoption of a course of proceeding which appeared necessary for allaying the prevalent alarm. As that course has involved a departure from the existing law, a bill for indemnifying those who advised and those who adopted it, will be submitted for your consideration. I have observed with great regret that the state of the commercial transactions in general has occasioned a limitation of employment in the manufacturing districts, which I fear cannot fail to be attended with much local distress. I trust, however, that this evil may not be of long duration, and the abundant harvest with which it has graciously pleased Divine Providence to bless this land, will, I hope, in some degree mitigate the sufferings which this state of things must unavoidably produce.

"While many of my subjects in India have been exposed, and while I grieve for the extensive bereavements and sorrow which it has caused, I have derived the greatest satisfaction from the distinguished successes which have attended the heroic exertions of the comparatively small force which have been opposed to greatly superior numbers, without the aid of the powerful reinforcements dispatched from this country to their assistance. The arrival of those reinforcements will, I trust, speedily complete the suppression of this widely-spread revolt.

"It is satisfactory to know that the general mass of the population in India have taken no part in the rebellion, while the most considerable of the native princes have acted in the most friendly manner, and have rendered important services. I have given directions that the papers relating to these matters shall be laid before you. The affairs of my East India dominion will require your serious consideration, and I recommend them to your earnest attention. The nations of Europe are in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, which nothing seems likely to disturb. The stipulations of the treaty which I concluded with the Shah of Persia have been faithfully carried into execution, and the Persian forces have evacuated the Territory of Herat. Your attention will be called to the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, with a view to consider what amendments may be safely and beneficially made therein."

Enlightened Candidates.—In the papers of the rejected candidates for the Civil Service in England, such statements occur as that the Roman walls were built to keep the Tartars from invading the country; that trials by ordeal were employed in the trial of Warren Hastings and were legally prohibited in the reign of George I.; that William Wallace invaded England in the reign of Henry VIII.; that Edward IV. fought at Marston Moor against Bruce, and at Culloden against the Earl of Leicester; that the great plot which was discovered in 1678 was the South Sea Scheme; that in the Seven Years' War the Danes were opposed to the Britons in consequence of the massacre of the former, Sweyn gaining the victory, and being crowned King of England; that the Thirty Years' War was between England and America; that Bannockburn was a battle in which the Scotch were defeated and Marston Moor was a contest between the Roses; that the Alps are in Hungary; Marseilles is on the Rhine, London on the Wash, and Germany in the Caspian; that the Thames rises in the German ocean, and the river Cary flows by Taunton and Exeter into the Mediterranean. The same ignorance of the commonest points of history—even of the events and persons of Biblical history—is displayed in many of the primary schools in the country. "Who was Pontius Pilate?" was a question asked by one of the inspectors of parochial union schools, and the answer persisted in by the whole of the first class was, "Our Saviour." "Who was the mother of our Lord?" was another question, to which three of the pupils answered "Adam!" The rest were not able to give any reply. And when the inspector next asked "Who, then, was Adam?" all the children roared out, "The first woman!"

How the Indian News is Doctored?—Even the lion-and-unicorn journals are crying out against the way in which the Indian news is doctored by the government at Calcutta and in London. It is now a settled plan to suppress the worst part, and of the remainder to let the best part go to the public first. The *Morning Star* says the post office as well as the telegraph is worked according to this arrangement. The mails from Bombay and Calcutta (says the *Star*) reached London at a late hour on Saturday night, and the post office authorities put themselves to great exertions in order to deliver the Bombay newspapers, and appeared to employ equal exertions to prevent Calcutta despatches reaching any other quarter than the government. This might, or it might not, have been a matter of antecedent arrangement; but it is not a little remarkable that the entire retention of the journals published at Calcutta would have prevented the public from being placed in immediate possession of the most serious part of the news, that which refers to the state of affairs at Lucknow. As soon as the journals had stated that the news "was most favorable," and while their congratulations were still going on, the darker portions of the story were allowed to leak out; the journals, of course, endeavored to sustain their original statements, and so the public are deceived. The plan has answered up to this time, and it will be continued while the occasion lasts.—*Nation.*

LATEST FROM EUROPE—ARRIVAL OF THE ADRIATIC.

The steamer *Adriatic* arrived at this port on Monday last, bringing four days later intelligence. Commercial failures on all sides are still the order of the day. From Hamburgh accounts are unusually gloomy, and we have reliable authority for asserting that the present intelligence, commercially speaking, is the most alarming yet come to hand, though strenuous efforts were made in Wall street on Monday to prevent such an assumption from getting abroad.

A despatch from Cagliari has been received in England, from which it appears that the Sepoy insurrection, far from having its "back broken and finally disposed of," as some would lead us to believe, is still strong and flourishing. The latest announcement is, that Gen. Havelock was completely hemmed in at Lucknow. Sir Colin Campbell was marching to his relief. The almost universal impression in England, at the departure of the steamer was, that Havelock would be forced to succumb.

Well might his friends tremble for his safety, surrounded as he is with an overwhelming force, well equipped and provided with three hundred pieces of cannon, and maddened by the barbarities of their fiendish oppressors. Some hard fighting had taken place, and General Outram was reported fatally wounded. One by one British Generals are disappearing from the scene, or going down before the swords of the indomitable and valiant Sepoys.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

November 24, in St. Peter's Church, John, third son of the late Samuel Handy, Esq., of Bracca Castle, to Maria Kingston, daughter of the late William Ormo Handy, Esq., of Ormeston, in the King's County.

November 24, in the Church of St. Andrew, Westland row, Dublin, William J. Tyndall, to Mary Dunne, daughter of Mr. Patrick Dunne, both of that city.

November 9, at Killauley, George C. Jones, Esq., of Skerries, county Dublin, to Jessie Brander, late of Glasgow.

November 18, at Monkstown, Benjamin Clarke, Esq., of Barn Hill, county Dublin, to Matilda, daughter of William Graham, Esq., of Haddington-terrace, Kingstown.

November 18, in St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Belfast, by the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, J. Mehan, Esq., of St. Colomb's, Waterside, Londonderry, Margaret Henrietta Blackburne, niece to James M'Nemara, Esq., of the Lodge, Cliftonville, Belfast.

November 24, at the Roman Catholic Church, Maynooth, Joseph Gargan, Esq., of Drakerath, co. Meath, to Maria, daughter of the late Bartholomew Ellis, Esq., of Marinville, Maynooth.

DEATHS.

November 18, at Bloomfield, South Circular-road, Dublin, Mrs. Harriott Ward, daughter of the late Armstrong Fitzgerald, solicitor.

November 19, in Upper Leeson street, Elizabeth, relict of C. Garstin, Braggansteown, county Louth.

November 22, in Middle Abbey street, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, aged 68.

November 23, at his residence, 19 New Church street, Jeremiah Doran, regretted by a large circle of friends.

November 21, at his residence, Sandymount, Francis Dubedat, of the Quit-rent office.

November 21, at Rathmines, James Kearney, of Culmoylyn House, county Meath.

November 22, at Clondalkin, Martha, the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Donnelly.

November 23, at 18 Wood quay, Mr. P. O'Shaughnessy, deservedly regretted.

November 23, Felix Delany, Esq., late of Thomas st.

November 25, John, son of Mr. Matthew Hand, of Lisburn street.

November 24, at Fishamble street, in the 24th year of her age, the wife of Mr. P. Gaffney.

November 24, in Lower Fembroke street, Elizabeth, relict of G. Gibson, Esq.

November 17, in Limerick, Maryanne, relict of George Saxton, Esq., of Coonagh, in that county.

November 18, at Omagh, aged 84 years, the Rev. Edward Stack, late of Tubrid, county Fermanagh.

November 18, at Kilshane House, in the county Tipperary, Simon Lowe.

November 18, at Drumconvis, Coagh, Margaret, the wife of Robert Bell, sen., aged 73 years. She was universally esteemed.

November 18, in Monaghan, Mary Anne, widow of Thomas Rose.

November 19, at 9 Wesley place, Belfast, at the age of 41 years, Mr. John M'Auliffe, much and deservedly regretted, for upwards of eighteen years employed on the Ordnance Survey, of Ireland.

November 19, at Lurgan, John Armstrong, Esq.

November 19, at Kilrush, county Clare, David, son of Matthew Kelly, Esq., Manager of the National Bank in that town.

November 20, at Ballyroughan House, Sixmile-Bridge, county Clare, James Quinlivan, Esq., aged 70 years.

November 22, at Lisburn, the Rev. E. Cupples, Vicar-General of the diocese of Down and Connor.

November 23, in Kilkenny, aged 67 years, Juliana, relict of Joseph Robbins, Esq., of Fir Grove, in that county.

November 22, at Nenagh, Mr. John Bergen Miller, in his 35th year.

November 23, at Cong, Mr. James E. Markey, aged 71 years.

November 24, at Rockfield, county Galway, Margaret, relict of Thomas Blake, of Lakeview, co. Mayo.

November 19, at Blakefield, Rathangan, county Kildare, aged 67 years, Mary, relict of Mr. Felix Byrne, of the above place.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.—Among the many fables which cluster around the "Iron Mask," there is one connected with the above supposition which I cannot resist giving you. If one only dared, one would certainly believe it; but pleasant as it is to fly in the face of history, even I am obliged to say, "Hold, enough!" In the early days of that dreary captivity—those days in which the prisoner (whether from fancy or memory) was thus described—"as of handsome face, middle height, brown skin, clear complexion, and beautiful voice,"—there was a lovely young lady in the fortress of Ste. Marguerite; she was the daughter of one of the officials, and her name was Julia de Bonpart. The mysterious prisoner fell in love with this bright sunbeam, whom he had seen from his window, and what feminine heart could resist a persecuted, royal, and masked prisoner? The father gave his consent—they were married at an altar erected in the dungeon, and the devoted wife cheered the gloom of the weary lifetime. Two little infant sons could not, however, be retained near the unfortunate parents, and were sent secretly to Corsica, under their maternal name of Bonpart. From them sprang the Buonapartes, who are therefore Bourbons. In the course of a conversation at St. Helena, it was mentioned to Napoleon by a gentleman present, that a person had come to him to tell the above story; and to demonstrate from thence that Napoleon was a lineal descendant of the Iron Mask, and thus the legitimate heir of Louis XIII. The gentleman had laughed at the whole story, which made the narrator very angry; he maintained that the marriage could easily be verified by the registers of a parish of Marseilles, which he named. The Emperor said that he had heard the same story; and that such was the love of the marvellous, that it would have been easy to have substantiated something of the kind for the credulous multitude.—*Miss Brewster.*

THE PROPHET OF ISLAM.—In his domestic life and intercourse, Mohammed was most simple and unassuming. The ruler of Arabia fed usually upon barley, bread, and dates; water was his ordinary drink, though he delighted and occasionally indulged in the taste of milk and honey; he never drank wine. The powerful chieftain who could command the services of thousands, did not disdain performing the menial offices of the household; he kindled the fire, swept the floor, milked the ewes, and mended with his own hands his shoes and his woollen garment (the use of silk he rejected as too effeminate); nor was it an uncommon circumstance to see the "Apostle of God" barefoot. He slept on the bare ground, or on a carpet or straw mat spread upon the floor. He always performed, with the most rigorous strictness, the prayers and ablutions enjoined by the Koran. With the regal and sacerdotal office, he had assumed the reserve and austerity that befitted his high position; yet he would occasionally unbend in the circle of his friends, when he enchanted all around him by the graceful, though dignified, affability of his manners, and the charms of his conversation. He was passionately fond of fairy tales. He delighted in perfumes and cats, which latter partiality he shared with one of his contemporaries, the learned Abu Horaira, who gained for himself the surname of "the father of a cat." His hair, beard, and eyebrows, were the objects of his most anxious care and solicitude; he dyed them, with considerable skill, a glossy light-chesnut color.

THE CAFFRES AND THEIR PROPHETS.—The following is an extract from a letter dated Eastern Province, Cape of Good Hope, Aug. 20: "The country is passing through the most remarkable changes that can possibly be thought of. I speak now in reference to the Caffres. There is every prospect of Caffreland becoming denuded of its original inhabitants. A dreadful famine is now raging throughout the country, extending from the frontier to the Bashee River. Thousands are perishing for want of food, and thousands are now poring into the colony in the most abject state in search of employment and food. The vast extent of this immigration will appear when I inform you that one of the magistrates has registered and sent into the colony 1,000 souls, so that there is now no want of servants. The government of British Caffraria employ about 4,000 Caffre men on the public roads, roadmaking, &c. Never were a people so completely given up to strong delusions to believe a lie. At the bidding of a Caffre prophet the nation destroyed the entire means of its own subsistence; cattle, goats, and corn were all destroyed, and the ground left uncultivated. They have sold their guns, assegais, ornaments, and everything they could dispose of to procure food. They are now spirit-broken, naked, and starving."

ETIQUETTE IN AFRICA.—We had an opportunity of observing that our guides had much more etiquette than any of the tribes farther south. They gave us food, but would not partake of it when we had cooked it; nor would they eat their own food in our presence. When it was cooked, they retired into a thicket, and ate their porridge; then all stood up and clapped their hands, and praised Intemese for it. The Makolol-, who are accustomed to the most free and easy manners, held out handfuls of what they had cooked to any of the Balouda near; but they refused to taste. They are very punctilious in their manners to each other. Each but has its own fire, and when it goes out, they make it afresh for themselves, rather than take it from a neighbor.—*Livingston.*

DUCKS OF PEOPLE.—The Siamese spend three-fourths of their existence in water. Their first act on awakening is to bathe; they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again at three, and bathe again about sunset; there is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. Boys go to play in the river, just as children go to play in the street. I once saw a Siamese woman sitting on the lowest step of a landing-place, while, by a girdle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers many lives would be lost, for the tide flows so swiftly that it needs the greatest skill and care to prevent boats from running foul of one another, and, of course, they are frequently upset. On one occasion our boat ran down a small native canoe containing a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all capsized and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and were on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they bobbed up, and the lady, with the first breath she recovered, poured forth a round volley of abuse. Thus relieved in her mind, she coolly righted her canoe—which had been floating bottom upwards—ladled out some of the water, and bundled in her two children, who had been, meanwhile, composedly swimming round her, regarding with mingled fear and curiosity the barbarians who had occasioned the mishap.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

DESTRUCTIVE EXPLOSION AT MAYENCE.—The powder magazine of the Federal fortress of Mayence, on the Rhine, blew up on the afternoon of the 18th ult. The magazine was situate near the Gauthor Gate. The number of persons killed and wounded is very considerable. Three churches have been seriously damaged. The shock was felt at Wiesbaden, at the other side of the Rhine. A supplement to the *Mayence Gazette* says: "The upper part of the town, the Koestrich, and the Gaustrassee are in ruins. The Church of St. Stephen has been destroyed. This terrible disaster has caused the death of many persons, and deprived numerous families of home and shelter. The whole town is in a state of consternation." Travellers who have just arrived from the scene of the catastrophe state that the magazine contained 75,000 killogrammes of gunpower. Not only have the windows in every part of the town been broken, but even in the surrounding villages. Enormous blocks of stone from the ramparts have been carried to an incredible distance. It is dangerous to walk in the streets on account of falling houses. The explosion was distinctly heard at Bingen. The damage is estimated at more than a million of florins. According to credible information, two Austrian and nine Prussian soldiers and fourteen civilians were killed; seventy-four Prussian and ninety-four Austrian soldiers and three hundred civilians more or less dangerously wounded.

LOUIS PHILLIPPE AFTER HIS FLIGHT.—On his arrival in England, he astonished those who came to meet him, by the levity of his deportment. All who have ever been brought into social contact with his Majesty are aware of a remarkable deficiency in his nature; he never had the slightest sentiment of personal dignity, and upon this occasion the most extraordinary circumstance in the history of this extraordinary man is that, in quitting the throne, he seemed to have lost all feeling of identity or of moral connection with the individual who had ceased to occupy it. He seemed to consider the whole merely as a drama, in which he had ceased to play his accustomed part, and to believe that he could separate himself completely from the character he had formerly assumed, and discuss it with all the freedom of a by-stander.—*Lord Normanby.*

CANNES IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.—It is the loveliest of all lovely places, the sea exquisitely blue, the sky inimitably bright, the landscape a garden of olives, oranges, and flowers, the town a cluster of dream-like villas, turreted, balustraded, and nested among groves and hillocks rosy and purple with a matchless growth of flowers. Henry Lord Brougham made calculations there, and found that out of one hundred and eleven days there were only three on which he could not make experiments upon light, while at Brougham Hall the figures were reversed. He adds that inhaling the air is like quaffing champagne, a remark which may send a few bold travellers to that territory of unrivalled butter and sweet odors.

LITERARY BANQUETS AT PARIS.—M. Villemessant, editor of the *Figaro*, has founded a monthly dinner for the "the advancement of wit and mental cleverness in France," and the first banquet has taken place at Vefours, in the Palais Royal, at the expense of the gentleman mentioned above. Not fewer than sixty-four guests assembled, comprising the ablest writers of the French press, and a most delightful evening was passed. For the future the price of admission is to be 10f., and a *bon mot* made public for the first time. The first of these conditions is not very difficult to be complied with, but the second will prove a stumbling-block to many.

ONE POUND NOTES.—In Ross-shire, when the suspension of the City of Glasgow Bank caused so much needless alarm, many of the poor Highlanders who held notes of that bank were going about anxiously inquiring, "Do you tak' the notes wi' the pownie on them?" alluding to the engraving of the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, which ornaments the bank notes. A few were disposed of at reduced rates, but most of the countrymen prudently waited till the panic subsided.

HOW JOHN BULL IS BAMBOOZLED.—A Hampshire (England) paper says: "The public generally does not know that we have his Royal Highness Prince Alfred (destined, at no very distant day it is presumed, to become Lord High Admiral of England) sojourning at Alverstoke. An establishment named Alver Bank, a small but ample mansion, has been engaged, and in it the sailor prince has for some little time past been domesticated. He has an ample retinue of servants, and a talented staff of attendants, amongst whom we may name Lieut. Cowell, R. E., who was his Highness's companion and guide during his continental tour; Dr. Minter, surgeon; and the Rev. W. Jolly, as naval and general instructor. His little princeship gives dinner parties, and may be frequently seen "cutting" about this court.

The *Cosmos* contains several accounts of a magnificent meteor which was seen on the evening of the 29th October at Paris and the neighboring departments. It seemed as large as an 8-pounder, at its first appearance, passing rapidly from west-south-west to east. It left a long train of light behind it, and before its disappearance divided into three or four balls of intensely red light, which fell to the earth like rocket-sticks. The same journal contains a still more remarkable account, from the Baron Seguier, of the fall of a shower of meteoric stones on the 1st of October, at Ormes, in the department of Yonne. When he was in his park directing his workmen, near Charna, he heard a number of distant detonations, and felt a slight earthquake; subsequently a rushing, whistling sound, as if a shower of projectiles passed rapidly through the air. Upon further inquiry he heard that the same whistling, rushing sound had been heard, and that a shower of meteoric stones had fallen at Ormes, which had struck some workmen who were erecting a house, and knocked off the hat of one of them. M. de Seguier has one of these stones in his possession, which has been analyzed and found to be an aerolite, and he proposes to search for others.

England has irritated God and man. She has no friends in the world—from all sides arises against her a concert of accusations and of sobs, and a steam of blood. If she does not recognize to-day that her cruelty and persecutions towards the Church have been immense political faults, she knows nothing, and will not save herself. One knows not by what name to stigmatize the imbecile fanaticism which blushes not to steal the alms given to the poor widows of the Irish soldiers, and to steal from them afterwards the souls of their orphan children. Yes, yes, England will see the justice of God! M. de Montalembert one day announced to her that the revolutionary flames she had lighted on the continent would recross the Channel and attain her in the pride of her prosperity. This is not the only retribution she has to fear, and she will pay more dearly still perhaps for the secular miseries of Ireland.—*Univers.*

Dr. G. Scrive, head surgeon of the expeditionary forces of France during the war with Russia, has published a statistical report on the subject of the wounded whom the French military surgeons had to deal with during the expedition, that is to say, from the landing at Gallipoli down to the evacuation of the Crimea. Altogether, 43,044 French soldiers were wounded, including those who were immediately killed or died afterwards in the trenches. The storming of the green Mamelon, of the white batteries, of the Malakoff (twice), of the Little Redan, and of the Central Bastion, added 16,664 more. Finally, the three battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Traktir furnished 2,240 cases. From this it appears that battles in the open field are far less dangerous to life and limb than siege operations, and storming of works in particular.

Frederick the Great was very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against him. One day, when he was even more disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suit why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who *wears such very thick boots.*

Nearly the whole of the silk manufacturers at Derby, England, have closed their mills in consequence of the scarcity of orders. The few that are open are working short time. Several thousands, the majority of whom are females, have been thrown out of employ. The chairman of the board of guardians met the borough magistrates on the subject, when it was suggested to call a public meeting. After considerable discussion it was agreed to open soup-kitchens at once, and also that the town should be canvassed for subscriptions.

The eruption of Vesuvius still continues, and visitors from all parts of the world are flocking to the mountain. The eruption threatens to be a very violent one. Two earthquakes occurred in Naples about a fortnight ago; one so severe as to jerk the missal several paces from a priest who was saying Mass at the time, and from time to time loud reports were heard in the neighborhood of the mountain, as of fierce cannonading. This is generally considered as the precursor of a very violent eruption.

M. Huc thinks that every nation has a peculiar smell, and hence he was always detected and barked at by Chinese dogs, though dressed as a Chinese! The odor of Chinamen is something like musk, and they all know the smell of a European, though it is well understood that we smell less strongly than other nations.

A correspondent of the *Guardian* draws a comparison between the Catholic and Protestant cathedrals at Gibraltar. At the Catholic cathedral there is, says the writer, "a large staff of clergy, daily services at all hours to suit all classes; with us closed doors all the week. There it stands, an English cathedral, a shameful monument of English apathy, and a source of shame, sorrow, and grief to many who long to enter daily therein to pray as the church has ordered."

A collier in the region of Dalmellington (Scotland) determining not to be any longer humbugged by the banks, withdrew his small hoard of savings in gold, to the extent of two sovereigns, which, for greater security, he immediately *swallowed!* The scene where this extraordinary feat was performed was one of the numerous public-houses in the vicinity of the bank, institutions at all times so proverbial for dissolving the precious metals, and thirst.

A little girl named Harriet Rowley was playing with some of her companions, when one of them covered herself with a black cloak and mask, and suddenly starting out, so frightened the child that she fell into violent convulsions, which continued so rapidly, that it was determined to take her to Charing Cross Hospital, but by the time she reached there the child was a corpse.

Between Blandford and Salisbury (England), there is a public house called the "Woodgates Inn," the parlor of which is built on land situated in three counties; the table used by the guests has three legs, each leg resting on a stone, and the three stones are so placed that each is in a different county, so that the table is said to stand in three different counties.

An abstract of the expenses incurred by Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Thackaray at the last election for the city of Oxford has just been published, from which it appears that the total of Mr. Cardwell's expenses was £785 11s. 11d., and that of Mr. Thackaray's £831 17s. 9d., the latter having spent £46 5s. 10d. more than his competitor, and lost the seat in the bargain.

A melancholy event occurred at Fontainebleau lately; the Marquis de Giac went to dine at the Countess de Pongibaud's, and after entering the drawing-room and exchanging a few words with the lady, he sank on the floor. On being raised into a chair he was found to be dead, having been attacked with apoplexy.

At a funeral which occurred lately at Fort Augustus, the nearest relative of the deceased thrust a small silver coin into the grave, under the impression, it is believed, that unless this had been done, the soul of the departed would be refused admittance into Heaven.—*Inverness Advertiser.*

It is stated by the *Wellington Independent*, that Mr. W. J. T. Clarke, one of the largest landowners in Victoria, has just purchased, for the sum of £150,000, 300,000 acres of land in the province of Otago, New Zealand.

A letter from Vienna states that the reduction of the cavalry of the Austrian army will be about 9,000 horses, or at the rate of 30 per squadron in the light cavalry, and 20 in the heavy, whilst the depot squadrons will be entirely suppressed.

In cutting down a plane-tree in Ayrshire recently, several large stones and the rib of a cow were found embedded in its heart, nine feet from the ground. The tree must have been growing round them at least sixty years.

In Constantinople a number of shareholders have combined for the immediate establishment of a weekly newspaper of sixteen pages, in the English language. Its title will be the *Levant Herald.*

The King of Prussia lately permitted a visit from his old and intimate friend, Baron Alexandre de Humboldt. This is the first person out of the royal family that he has received since his illness.

One thousand four hundred persons had died at Lisbon in twenty days; and from the 14th to the 17th Nov., inclusive, the new cases were seven hundred and seventy-three.

The Emperor Napoleon has determined to purchase for his private account a domain of ten thousand hectares of land in Algeria, on which he intends to establish model farms.

There is much distress in Preston, as may be imagined, when from 20,000 to 25,000 people are wandering about the streets, only partially employed.

A poor woman named Johanna Quany, of Waterford, was safely delivered recently of three children. Two have since died; the mother and the third are doing well.

M. de Gamond, a French engineer, has published a quarto volume, developing his project for constructing a tunnel between England and France.

The Empress Eugenie is having a yacht built at Havre, on a scale of unusual magnificence. It is to be a model of the Victoria and Albert, and is to be called the Napoleon et Eugenie.

The *Plymouth Mail* states that a seaman has been flogged to death on board one of the African cruisers, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the surgeon.

A verdict of manslaughter has been returned against a woman in London, for allowing her infant to starve to death.

A subscription has been opened in Paris in favor of the sufferers by the dreadful fever which has been for some time prevalent in Lisbon.

A French journal, to be called the *Presse*, and to appear twice a week, is about to be established at Madrid.

HOME MISCELLANY.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—BRAVERY OF TWO IRISHMEN.—A foul attempt at robbery and murder was made by four men in New Britain. The robbers entered the house of Samuel Smith, situated some two miles north of the village, and attacked Smith with a hatchet and clubs, intending to murder him for his money; two hired men came to the rescue, and a bloody fight ensued, resulting in the flight of the robbers, leaving the old man Smith weltering in his blood. We now have to announce the arrest of three of the robbers and would-be murderers, and their trial before a Justice's Court at New Britain. The fourth one has escaped. The examination has developed facts of an astounding character, that show this to have been one of the most deliberate and cold-blooded schemes of murder and robbery that was ever known. The parties arrested are Americans. Their names are Edward Westover, 25 years of age; Edmund Gilbert, 22 years of age; Frederick Fitch, 25 years of age. The fourth is Thomas Vensel, of New Britain, aged 22, who has escaped. Samuel Smith, upon whom the murderous onslaught commenced, is nearly 60 years old. He is a bachelor, living with his aged mother, and the common belief for years past has ascribed to him the possession of a miser's hoard of some thousands of dollars in hard coin, locked up in a strong box which he keeps in his house. It was to obtain this money that the scheme against his life and others was planned and so nearly executed. Westover, in his confession, says that the party of four had planned the murder and robbery some ten days ago. It was arranged to kill Smith first, and then the two Irishmen, who were known to be present in the house. Disguised in slouched hats, which were slashed open at the top, so as to admit of being drawn down over their faces, leaving two holes in front of the eyes for sight, the desperadoes approached the house. Looking in at the shutterless windows, they saw Smith seated near the fire, and with no other light than fire-light in the room, *churning*. Near him were the two Irishmen in his employ, cracking walnuts. It was arranged that Fitch should kill the old man, and that Westover, Gilbert, and Vensel should take the Irishmen. They opened the door, and without uttering a word, rushed upon the unsuspecting inmates of the house. Fitch aimed a blow at the old man's head with a hatchet, and the stroke laid bare the skull, if it did not fracture it. Covered with his blood, Smith, whom the blow had felled to the floor, sprung up and received two more blows upon the head. The hatchet was dull, or he would probably have been killed at the first blow. The two Irishmen were at the instant set upon with hickory clubs, and one of them succeeded in opening his knife, which, however, was shut upon him, cutting his hand and covering his assailant's club with blood. The Irishmen fought bravely with chairs, and to such purpose that Smith's life was saved—that is, if he now recovers. One of them, bruised and battered, finally escaped from the door, and shouted "*Murder*"—whereupon the robbers turned and fled. The fight was a desperate one on both sides. In the course of it, a locket had been dropped or pulled from Westover's pocket. It was a picture of one Whately, a friend of Westover's, who is now in jail for a rape committed in New Britain. This locket, which Westover was known to have redeemed from pawn but a day previous, led to his arrest and the subsequent developments.—*Hartford Times.*

SPARE THE FORESTS.—Under this head the Troy *Whig* says of the recent freshets: "Trees, that have stood the landmarks of a century, have been uprooted, cattle drowned, crops destroyed, and devastation carried over that part of the country. This flood was not caused by the breaking up of streams in the spring, by an equinoctial storm, that old-fashioned people thought nothing of. It adds another mite to the weight of argument, that the constant and gradual thinning out and levelling of trees and forests, all over the country, is the cause of the increase and magnitude of the freshets that now visit us, in comparison to those we used to have in olden times. When whole groves are cut down; as the face of the earth changes from primeval woodland to cultivated fields, we must expect the waters to rise, in proportion as the monarchs of the forest disappear. The soft spongy ground no longer absorbs the rain drops, but the water runs directly into the nearest stream as from a brick pavement, contributing its small force to produce fearful inundations, while the silent spring that once gushed forth is silent, and in summer and times of drouth rivers are dry and unnavigable—they have no longer any reserve for a dry day—but if a gentle shower falls upon the parched earth, the streams feel it as sensitively as barometers. These results are not confined to this State or this continent. Cause and effect follow each other all over the world. In France, the floods of the river Rhone and the inundations of Lyons could all be accounted for—the forests in that part of the country had gradually been exterminated, and when the rains came, there was no woods to receive the first shock, and absorb the watery particles—the river was soon a mountain torrent."

THE LAST VOYAGE.—A California paper announces the death of Dr. Kane in these brief and touching words: "The rumored death of Dr. Kane, which came by the last steamer, proves too true. The adventurous navigator has embarked upon his last voyage. He has found Sir John Franklin."

THE LAST DAY.—We extract the following from the Vicksburg *Whig:* "An inreresting incident happened in the senate of Mississippi the other day. The venerable senator from Noxubee, Mr. Koger, now on the verge of eighty years, but who is still endowed with remarkable vigor of mind and body, had obtained leave of absence on midday, on Thursday, with the view of leaving on the afternoon cars. Several senators left their seats to give him a parting shake of the hand, when the president announced that the senate would temporarily suspend its business, to bid the senator from Noxubee good-bye; and coming down from his seat, the president and the entire senate gathered round the grey-haired veteran, and with words of affection, bade him God speed; many of them with the conviction that they should see his face no more. His term of service is ended, and his adieu to the senate was a final one."

A DROPPED LETTER.—A peculiar sensation is felt in dropping a letter, especially if it is one of value, into the box of a post-office. One feels a sort of revulsion, as if a part of himself, as it were, had fallen into an unfathomable abyss, never to be recovered. The act strikes the heart like destiny irreversible for ever. If any error has occurred in the letter, it is entirely beyond correction; if anything happens at the instant, as there sometimes does, which ought to make a change, there is no help for it. What is done is done, and past redemption. No repentance will avail. You would have something otherwise, but it cannot be. It is too late. The missive has passed away, and is no longer yours, or subject to your alteration or control. Beware therefore.

WILD SILK.—The depth of the Central American forest will probably yield some new articles of commerce. In the Olancha there is found hanging from the trees a sort of sack, some two feet in depth, which is the nest of a species of silkworm. The silk is woven over the inside of this sack. In 1844 six pounds were sent to England, where it was made into handkerchiefs of excellent quality. A profitable trade in this article might perhaps be established, as this material can be gathered in any required quantity. An old Mexican author speaks of wild silk as abundant in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and states that the natives were accustomed to gather it for exportation to Spain.—*California paper.*

NOT BAD.—The following story is told by the *Mobile Tribune*, of Judge Hawkins, the representative to Congress from the State of Florida; a man, by the way, brim full of genuine wit. During the war with the Frorida Indians, he commanded a volunteer company. On one occasion, they fell upon a party of the Indians concealed in a swamp. The captain sprung upon a log, (with more valor than discretion,) waived his sword and cheered his men to the charge. Just then he was shot down. One of his officers ran to ask him if he was much hurt —"Not very badly," said Hawkins, "just enough to send me to Congress!" The prediction has now been verified.

ARRIVAL OF LAMAS.—The brig E. Drummond, Captain Chapman, arrived at this port on Tuesday of last week, from Aspinwall, has on board a flock of forty-two lamas, consigned to James Fisher & Son. These animals are alpacas, and were brought from the Cordilleras to Guayaquil, and from thence shipped to Panama and to Aspinwall, by railroad. There was originally taken on board the E. Drummond seventy-one, but owing to heavy weather on the passage, twenty-nine of them died. The E. Drummond put into Key West on the 4th inst., where the animals were much recruited. She sailed from thence the 5th, bringing the above number to this port in good order.—*Daily News.*

PROOF POSITIVE.—Old Zachariah Robbins lived in Wood County, Miss., and was called on to prove the insanity of a young man on trial for an assault with intent to kill. He swore that he had no doubt whatever that the prisoner was an insane man. On his cross-examination he was required to state the reasons for this opinion. "Why, bless your life," said he, "I've known Jimmy allers, and he's allers ben a Dimicrat, and when the Dimicrat party put up their man last fall, Jimmy didn't vote for him; and I allers think that a Dimicrat that don't stick to his party ain't in his right mind." Jimmy was acquitted, for old Zachariah's opinion prevails very generally in that region.

BURIED TIMBER.—There are many indications which go to prove that some parts of New Jersey are gradually sinking. Thus, in several of the salt marshes, great quantities of cedar timber is found at some distance below the surface, and quite a number of persons find employment in raising it for making cedar shingles. This timber in all likelihood grew on the spot where it is now found submerged, as in some places in these marshes there are still standing trees (withered and bare) which at some period, when the waters did not rise as high as now, flourished in green luxuriance.

PAY OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—The members of the new Congress will probably draw nine months' pay on the meeting of the first session, this week. The members of the House are salaried at $3,000 per annum. The term of the present Congress dates from the 4th of March last, and the construction put upon the law is, that three-fourths the first year of the term will be payable, if demanded, on the commencement of actual service, the first Monday in December. If so, the Treasury will be drawn upon at once for $500,000 or $600,000 for this object.

ARIZONA.—This is the name now given to the tract of 27,000 square miles, that used to be known as the Mesilla Valley or Gadsden purchase. It lies between New Mexico on the north and the Mexican provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua on the south, and extends westward to the Colorado river. It abounds in the precious metals—gold, silver and copper—has many spots of fertile soil, is admirably adapted to the propagation of all kinds of fruit, and especially the grape, and possesses a delicious atmosphere. Population is rapidly flowing into this new Territory.

THE LAST OF THE RANDOLPH FAMILY.—St. Geo. Randolph, a nephew of the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke, who died in Charlotte County, Va., on the 4th instant, was the last in the line of the Randolph family. He was born deaf and dumb, but was highly educated in France. On returning home to Virginia in 1814, he heard of the hopeless illness of his brother at Harvard College, and immediately became deranged. From that time to the day of his death he is said never to have known a lucid interval.

MILITARY TAX LAWS.—A writer of the Newark *Mercury* is exposing the military tax law and the manner of its passage. It appears that the measure was sprung on the people of Essex last year as it was upon Hudson a few years ago, before people knew anything about it. That it tends to render the military odius to the people. That the money is wrung from the poor by individual taxation and squandered after collection. In fact, that the whole system is a gross swindle and outrage upon the people of the county.

VERY CHILLY BIRTHPLACE.—It makes one cold, this freezing weather, to think of the primeval birthplace of Daniel Webster. He says: "It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, *there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.*"

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.—In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law, which stated as follows: "That if any white female of ten years or upward should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, (*i. e.* low-neck dresses,) being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall forfeit and pay a fine not less than one, nor more than two hundred dollars."

STANDING UP FOR HER RIGHTS.—A maiden lady in Westport, Mass., who is possessed of considerable real estate, on being called upon to pay her highway tax for the present year, claimed an unequal privilege with the lords of creation, of working it out upon the highway; and actually appeared, with hoe in hand, and discharged her duty to the satisfaction of the surveyors.

FRATERNAL.—One of the South Carolina papers states that a duel was fought recently at Waterloo, in that State, between William and Charles Dewson, brothers, in which William was killed. The parties who were privy to so repulsive and unnatural a proceeding, and the seconds in the affair, we hold more culpable, than the surviving Cain, who slew his brother.

THE NEW SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.—Sewannee, in Benton County, Tenn., about seventy-five miles west of Nashville, has been selected as the site of the proposed Episcopal "University of the South."

DISTANCES FROM WASHINGTON.—According to the Post Office Records, Salem, capital of Oregon, is 6,687 miles, and Olympia, capital of Washington Territory, 6,643 miles from the Capitol.

We have seen it stated in one of the daily papers, on the authority of the respected president of the School Board, that there are 20,000 of the youth of Cincinnati, of school age, that is from six to sixteen, running idle in the streets, instead of being at school. This is obviously a great mistake. The census taker to make themselves more important, and to add to their fees, include in their returns all the children attending the Catholic schools, and leave it to be inferred that they are idlers who attend no school. It is said that there is a tax of $230,000 to be levied this year for schools in this city, and that the School Board has $62,000 to expend forthwith on new school-houses.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

Startling stories are told of the gold in Venezuela. Native lumps of 20 pounds are taken off. The gold of these mines is undoubtedly purer than the gold of California. The only way the natives have of getting it is by beating two rocks together—getting that which falls out with facility, and then throwing the rock away—thus losing a great deal. The mining season begins in October and ends in April, the rainy season preventing work the rest of the year. The mines are but four days' journey from the coast.

Some of our exchanges refer to Spain, Italy, and China—where there is no paper money—to show how a metallic-currency works, and thus attribute our national superiority to *shinplasters!* Verily, Anglo-Saxon blood, and the inspiriting influences of liberty and of free institutions are at a discount.—*People's Journal, Bath, Me.*

Mr. Gardner Furniss has, according to the *Orleans Delta*, been writing again to Mrs. Woodman "in his own peculiar sstyle, threatening to publish other letters of hers, unless she should retract the statements contained in her affidavit."

The following singular instance of sagacity we find related of a large mastiff. Rover had the misfortune to run a thorn into his foot. The matter was neglected by his master's family until the foot was largely swollen and extremely painful. The master returning from a journey just at this time took Rover to a surgeon, who extracted the thorn and bound up the foot, directing that he be brought back next morning for a further examination of the injured limb. This was done. But thereafter the dog went regularly every morning to the surgeon's office, scratched at the door till he was admitted, and then presented his foot for examination. Finally he was cured, and the surgeon, lifting up the foot, said, "Rover, your foot is well; you need come no more." This Rover, however, did not understand, but continued to come, evidently regarding the surgeon's words in the light of valuable professional advice. One morning, however, he declined to leave the office alone, taking hold of the surgeon's coat to induce him to come also. Following him to the door, the surgeon found there another lame dog which Rover had brought along, but which the servant, on admitting Rover, had shut out, not considering him a proper patient. The good-natured surgeon took the dog in, and performed what was necessary for a cure; the two dogs appearing every morning until the stranger was cured. But this was not the end of the matter. Rover brought to the surgeon's office every lame dog he found on the street, and as all were well treated, and none proved ungrateful, he shortly found himself, when on the street, the centre of an admiring and grateful concourse of dogs, who followed him wherever he went, and by barks and the wagging of their tails endeavored to show their gratitude to their benefactor—obtaining for him among the townspeople considerable notoriety. As the Doctor was in reality a skilful physician, that which was at first an annoyance attracted public attention to him, and ultimately aided in securing him success in his profession.

The Lancaster (Pa.) *Examiner*, referring to a recent conviction of a woman for poisoning her husband, says: "Of late years, it has been customary in Pennsylvania, in cases where women have been sentenced to death, for the Governor not to name a day of execution, and thus, virtually, the sentence is one of imprisonment for life. This, we presume, will be the result in this case. There are now, we believe, in Pennsylvania, seven women under sentence of death, several of whom were convicted many years ago."

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone remarking that he was "one of the few. Such a jewel of a Christian—you cannot find his equal you well know." To which the sobbing fair one replied with an almost broken heart, "I'll bet I will."

The *Standard*, of Nov. 12, says: "We are informed that upwards of 500 tons of barley have been shipped from California to Oregon within the last sixty days, for the use of the Quartermaster's Department in Oregon, and that 10,000 bushels more are now on their way here, destined for the same purpose."

Senator Benton may be seen riding down the Avenue on horseback every pleasant afternoon, having devoted his morning to literary labors. He confidently expects to finish both of his great works next summer, bringing his "View" down to the Pierce Administration.—*Boston Journal.*

They have in North Carolina fourteen mountain peaks which exceed in height Mount Washington. Their range of altitude is from 6,318 to 6,601 feet. The height of Mount Washington is 6,234 feet.

We see it stated that Bethany College, Va., was lately consumed by fire, with three libraries, the philosophical apparatus, and most of its other contents. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The girls out in Hoosierdom expand by means of grape vine hoops. They are said to be an excellent substitute for brass and steel, and in these hard times are certainly much cheaper.

A down east poet immortalized the beautiful river Connecticut: "Roll on, loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shad to old Hartford, and freedom to man."

The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth—it never refuses to discount to honest labor. The best share is the plowshare—on which dividends are always liberal.

The Catskill *Recorder* says wild game is quite abundant in the mountains west of that village. It learns that several bears have already been killed in that vicinity.

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?" "No, sir; but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

A bankrupt, on being condoled with for his embarrassment, replied, "Oh, I am not at all embarrased; it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

Since 1850, 23,700 persons have emigrated to Utah from Great Britain alone, whilst in the same period the emigration from the other European countries did not exceed 5,000.

The chairs of the new Hall of Representatives at Washington cost $70 each, and the desks $90 each.

A negro boy belonging to John Stewart, near Lexington, Miss., was eaten by a bear a few days since.

There were 21,551 marriages consummated in the State of New York last year.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, '57.

OUR EXPERIENCE.

SEVEN months ago, Dear Reader, we took charge of the TABLET's first number, with a fair knowledge of the difficulties in the way of such a family newspaper, and yet with a strong hope of success. Some of these difficulties were of a personal sort, others took their coloring from the nature of the enterprise; but both have passed with time, and the hope in which we started has been more than realized. If we doubted for a moment the disposition of the Catholic public to sustain so expensive a paper—if we recurred to the wrecks of more meritorious publications, and learned diffidence from their failure—we forgot that a journal like the TABLET might draw strength from sources closed to others, and appeal to a more general audience. The manner in which we have been disabused has been more than pleasant; for while wisdom is generally purchased at the expense of suffering, it has come to us in the more welcome form of agreeable surprises. If we have a complaint to make we must enter it against the Panic; but when we consider that that child of a ricketty Banking System and reckless Speculation threw the TABLET into favorable contrast with its colleagues, and merely lessened *its* progress while *they* were taken aback, we thank the Panic for the confidence it has given us, and submit to a *nolle prosequi*. So much, Dear Reader, we have thought proper to write on business for your special edification, well knowing that, however willing you would be to sympathize with the relator of worse news, you are quite satisfied with this. It has been said that the highest class of feelings are evoked by those who fail in a good cause: we choose the lesser rather than purchase the nobler at so dear a rate.

THE MORMON WAR AND THE FRENCH HUGUENOTS.

IN the midst of the universal clamor for the expulsion of the Mormons from Utah, or their coercion in matters of belief to the prevailing standard of the country, we beg to call the Protestant press to an historical parallel which may be found in the history of Louis XIII. and the "Grand Monarch." It has become fashionable to declaim about 'Catholic intolerance," on account of the siege of Rochelle and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and no better time than this could be chosen to see if those who desire the expulsion or coercion of the Mormons, can consistently assail either of those measures.

The Huguenots in France were, in relation to the rest of the population, what the Mormons are in regard to the citizens of the United States. Before the Conference of Poissy they were outlaws *de facto* without privileges of any kind. The government, the laws, everything deserving the name of an Institution in France, was founded or sustained on principles antagonistic to theirs. Catholic faith and Catholic morals were recognized as the sole legal faith and morals. Whatever did not conform to them was at war with French thought, and supposed to be hurtful to French society. This was the case when the Huguenots were quiet; it was doubly true when Conde and Coligni took them in hands and arrayed them against the government. They were not merely nonconformists then. They were rebels. They demanded equal consideration in the eyes of the law with their fellow-citizens, while yet a miserable minority; and not finding their wishes sufficiently appeased by the Edict of Nantes, wrung from the weak Henry IV., they attempted to throw off their allegiance in the reign of Louis XIII., and to establish an independent State within French territory, selecting Rochelle for the Capital. Their power fell with their intended Capital; and Louis the XIV., finding that the whole nation could not afford to be embroiled by a sturdy faction in endless civil wars, revoked the Edict of his predecessor, required Protestant Ministers to adjure their tenets, or leave the country, and allowed all other Protestants to pursue their occupations "without," as his Revocation words it, "being harassed or molested on account of their religion."

We find in this sketch of the Huguenots every plea which the anti-Mormon press of the Union adopts in urging on war upon the "Latter Day Saints." The Huguenots held views contrary to the universal opinion of the French nation, as expressed in its statutes, and attempted, within the confines of France, to establish an independent Sovereignty on the basis of their peculiar principles. What else has been charged against the Mormons? On what other grounds is their conquest or expulsion demanded? None certainly. It is because they practice polygamy while the common consent of the country declares it illegal—it is because they presume to build up an independent State with Salt Lake city for its capital within our limits in disregard of this common consent—that the press launches its invectives at them, and General Harney marches on Utah. The parallel is complete. There is not a flaw in it affecting principle. If we are right, so were Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. If we are in the wrong, so were they, *but not otherwise*.

This Mormon war promises to open up to investigation a rich loam of thought, but the misery is that our American ploughshares will scarcely go deep enough into it. They are made for lighter work. They tickle the stubble of common ideas and never strike below. If their directors were honest—but they are not—and there is no use in finishing the sentence. The avoidance of known truth by American editors is one of their leading characteristics. Phyrro was charged with an excess of skepticism which disposed him not to shun a carriage if it was driven against him. If he were living now-a-days and writing for the press he would be taught by his contemporaries how to profess universal doubt while daily practising belief—how to tell a lie and stick to it, without suffering from the consequences.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

THE best argument in favor of the abrogation of Capital Punishment is to be found in the constantly recurring proofs against the value of even the most conclusive evidence. An innocent man incarcerated for life by the verdict of his fellow-citizens, may be liberated on cause shown and have amends made to him; while he who expiates presumed guilt on the gallows, is beyond the influence of reprisals and the laggard second sight of the world's witnesses.

A most remarkable case of supposed murder occurred last winter in New Haven, Conn. A boy named Charles E. Sage, about nineteen years of age, was missing from his home in Cromwell, near Middleton, and an Irishman named Patrick Nugent was arrested on the charge of murdering the lad, and putting his body under the ice in the Connecticut river. In a few months afterwards a body was found in the river without a head, which was believed to be that of the missing boy, from several marks upon it, as well as from a portion of the clothing. Soon afterwards the lining of an overcoat was found, answering to the description of that worn by the missing person. Some months elapsed, when a sailor named Benson came to Cromwell, and directly charged Nugent with the murder. He said he saw the deed done, and assisted in putting the body under a haymow. He described accurately the lad's appearance, his dress, the color of his hair, &c., and declared that he had not had any peace of mind since the murder, and that he had come to Cromwell expressly to divulge all he knew about it. He confronted Nugent and charged the deed upon him. He picked out a man in the room having such hair as young Sage, whose father said the comparison was correct. No doubt now remained on the mind of any person in the room of the guilt of Nugent. When the prisoner was brought in he was asked if he knew Benson, and said, "No; he had never seen him before." Benson replied, "Yes you do, Nugent, and you know you killed that boy, and that I helped you to put the body under the hay." Benson was then told to look Nugent in the face, and tell the whole story. He did so; Nugent all the while trembling like a condemned culprit. On being told that he was in a "bad scrape," he said "I know it, but God is my man—He will get me out of it." A Grand jury found a true bill against Nugent, whose time of trial was fixed for the present month.

Thus matters rested in Cromwell, and Benson's evidence was so conclusive and positive, that the indicted man had not the least chance of escape from the death penalty; but Providence, whom he had so fervently invoked and resolutely relied on, did not forsake him. Within a few weeks the cousin of the missing boy, living in Ithaca, N. Y., received an anonymous letter from the interior of Pennsylvania, which he showed to his father, a Mr. Williams. The letter was answered, when another letter was received from Pennsylvania, signed William Russell, which Mr. Williams himself answered. He at the same time addressed the Postmaster, requesting him to watch for the person who called for the letter, and describe him. The Postmaster did so, when Mr. Williams immediately left Ithaca for Pennsylvania, and found Russell, whom he discovered to be *his nephew, Charles E. Sage, the identical missing boy!*

Nugent has been set at liberty and the elder Sage has agreed to recompense him by a gift of two hundred dollars. The reader will ask, what of Benson and the body found? The former has been indicted for attempting to swear away another's life, and the mystery about the body is as impenetrable as ever. How Benson, a complete stranger in Cromwell, could describe so systematically the younger Sage—how he could tell the day and the hour when he left home and of his presumed murder—how the corpse discovered in the Connecticut, in size, shape, covering, and appearance, tallyed nearer to Sage's than a twin brother's—no one can conjecture, much less explain. An innocent man has been rescued from an unjust and ignominious death; and as this is the most satisfactory part of the story, it is also the only part not involved in doubt and darkness.

An old book at our hand entitled the "Tongue of Time," and compiled by some crazy Massachusett's Doctor, contains a list of judicial murders under the head of a chapter on Circumstantial Evidence, but the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment will find none better or more forcible than this case in which our fortunate countryman plays the double character of the Criminal and the Innocent.

St. Bridget's Ladies Fair, now being held in the new School which is attached to the Church, cor. of Avenue B and 8th street, has been very successful during the past week. The Fair will be continued up to the 24th inclusive, and after resumed on the 28th, and closed on the 30th. A band of minstrels add greatly to the entertainments every evening.

A BLUNT MAN OPPOSING FATE.

THE exquisite fabulist La Fontaine, who began life as a game-keeper and duellist, and ended it by being Moralist General to mankind and wearing a hair-shirt for mortification, was very unhappy in his connubial relations. Like Socrates, he had a Xantippe, one Marie Hericart, whose *forte* lay in differing with her better-half on every conceivable subject, and at every conceivable time. The "good man," nevertheless, turned her to account in his "Drowned Woman," when he told his friend to search against the current of the river—

> "For it was his firm conviction,
> She had floated up the stream
> From the love of contradiction."

If stubbornness like this can claim one modern representative better than another we think he may be found in Joe Blunt of this city, the persistent assailer of the late grant to the Orphan Asylum. Joe petitioned the Common Council against it. Joe feed an attorney out of his private purse to declare it a fraud in the teeth of the Corporation Counsel. Joe demanded an injunction to stay it from Judge Rosevelt. Joe appealed from Rosevelt to Judge Westervelt, and only ended his labors when he had exhausted the storehouse of expedients. If human ingenuity had been greater, Joe's efforts had not ended yet. How much he has talked to his friends in the streets and bar-rooms, how many newspaper offices he has visited to obtain succor or consolation, will never be known. But as a faithful chronicler we cannot allow those achievements of his which have reached us to pass without claiming for their hero mete recognition.

Mr. Blunt, if we may hazard a conjecture, believes, with the Scotch philosopher, that "warfare is the natural state of man." If we held the doctrine of the transmission of souls we would say that his belonged to the pre-Adamite period, was present during the early concussions of the universe, took part in the battles between the Tray Cas and the Yotuns in Vaterland, and by a regular process of generation met its present body before coming to America. Whether it was absent from the "piling of Pelion upon Ossa" ancient historians do not inform us, as, indeed, they had no means of knowing; but judging from the disposition of Mr. Blunt, if it did not participate in that struggle against inevitable Fate, it was detained by some "previous engagement."

Mr. Blunt has been unhappy in being born in the nineteenth century. Ductility, pliability, flaccidity, and the rest, are the qualities most needed, and he finds in himself the antitheses of all these. He carries his opposition to current habits as far as La Fontaine's "Drowned Woman." Not satisfied with standing snaggishly still in the midst of surrounding progress, he must take to himself the privilege or the thunder cloud and run against the wind. Do not say with Cowper that "change is constancy to Nature's law," for he will not believe you. Planted in his own intrinsic nature he defies you to dissuade him from developing it. Blunt he is, and "he don't care who knows it."

Let us pay due deference to a quality we can never equal, and when we would speak of something as irrevocably fixed, let us add—as Joe Blunt.

HENRY A. WISE ON STATE THANKSGIVING DAYS.

THE present Governor of Virginia promises to take a high niche in the temple of American greatness. Everything he does or says bears the impress of a mind of the very first order. Whether discussing the legality of Secret Societies, or solving the problems of political economy, or digging about the roots of false customs, he is always the scholar and the statesman, and shows a range and depth of thought which command admiration, while exciting surprise. Looking around our political horizon we see not a man who so well deserves the title of "Politician," in the highest sense, as Henry A. Wise.

The last act of the Virginia Governor is in admirable keeping with his antecedents. Not

satisfied with dealing a death blow to Puritan Nativeism, he gives a mortal stab to Puritan or State Holidays, in his last Message:

It has not been for the want of reverence for religion or that I have been unmindful of God's providence to our people, that I have omitted to observe the mere form and fashion of executive messages, to acknowledge Divine goodness. I have purposely omitted to do so, for the same reason that I have, on every occasion, when called on by the clergy or others, declined to recommend or appoint a day of thanksgiving. The Mayor of Alexandria lately addressed me on the subject, and I returned for answer the letter, a copy of which I herewith communicate. I declined, for the reason that the State officers have no authority or power to interpose in religious matters, belonging exclusively to private individuals and their voluntary church organizations. We are a Christian people, recognizing the Christian law, in our baptism, in the naming of our children, in the sanctions of our oaths, around the family altars, in keeping the Sabbath day, in the courts of justice, in our ideas and observances of common morality and decency, in marriages and burials—from the cradle to the grave, in our whole lives and laws. But there is no church establishment, and ought to be none; and there ought to be no meddling of the State with matters of religion and faith, except to protect and defend the freedom of conscience and voluntary worship, and to enforce sound morality and common decency. This hinders us not, but rather sets us free to praise God in our own way. Any recommendation of worship from the State or its officers, in any form, is to some extent a constraint upon the people, who have forbidden by their Constitution the intermeddling with such matters by political power.

The defection of Gov. Wise cannot fail to produce others. A few more years past, and State Holidays will be wholly confined to their natural limits—the fanatic-ridden States of New England. In all hopefulness, "So be it!"

ORPHANS' FESTIVAL.

Through the exertions of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, a new and splendid Asylum has been erected for the male orphans of that diocese on Bedford Avenue, corner of Willoughby st., Brooklyn. The building is now so far completed as to justify the hope that it will be ready for the reception of the orphans about the 1st of January, and the object of the present Festival is to obtain the means of furnishing the building, and paying, if possible, some part of the little debt that usually remains on a building of the kind at the time of its completion.

This excellent charity when finished will cost about $25,000, and accommodate from five to six hundred boys.

The present institution has been for a long time crowded to excess, containing now about 120 male orphans; and applications are made every day by those whose destitute circumstances cannot fail to excite the warmest sympathies of our Catholic neighbors, particularly at this festive season.

The festival will be held in Montague Hall, Court street, on Monday and Tuesday next, the 28th and 29th of Dec., and it is hoped that every church in the city of Brooklyn will be fully represented.

"Papal" Persecution.—Under this heading the N. Y. *Chronicle* of a late date gives a history of the martyrdom—no, the sufferings—of a young Catholic girl in Newark, who became a "hopeful convert" to one Brother Morse, in that city. Her father, it appears from the *Chronicle*, "resorted to kicks, blows, and all such cruel and coercive means of restoring her to the bosom of the Church. He told her that if she would relinquish Protestant meetings, would confess to the priest, and crave his own forgiveness, he would pardon her; but if she went to another meeting she would step right into hell (*sic.*) Nothing daunted by this discipline and threatening, the child replied that she would lie down and have her head cut off, rather than obey her father's commands, so much in opposition to her own conscience. She remained firm and undaunted in her faith, (*quere*—what is it?) and as a reward, was turned out of doors, and forbidden to ever enter her father's house again. The consequence was, that she went forward in baptism last Lord's day, and is now going on her way rejoicing."

Will some of our Newark subscribers give us the plain unvarnished facts in this case of a "cruel parient" and his much-abused "darter." Brother Morse may be most exemplary in sending houseless girls on their way rejoicing; but, to speak candidly, we fear he exaggerates when writing on his own success in the vineyard, where every plant grows without order, and becomes mature without fruit.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Some three or four weeks ago, we published an original ballad from the pen of our poetical contributor M. C. B., on the peculiar observance of St. Martin's Day in Ireland, or rather on the superstitions, if we may call them such, connected with it in the Irish mind. It was based on a fact which happened within her own memory in Queen's County, and we have reason to believe that many of our foreign-born readers could furnish corroborative evidence of its occurrence, or strengthen it by other facts of a similar nature, attested by personal experience. Can we be accused of credulity in entitling this extract from the *Munster News* "A Strange Coincidence?"

A married woman named Spearin, residing in the neighborhood of Castleroberts, lost her life on St. Martin's Day, in a mill in which a quantity of corn was being ground for her use. The miller expressed reluctance to accede to her request, the impression prevailing throughout the country that such operations on the specific day are usually unfortunate. The request of the woman was, however, so urgently pressed that the miller yielded, and the machinery was set going to grind her store. It was at work when, while she was passing round some portions of it, her clothing was caught, and her cry and the crackling of her bones conveyed to the miller the startling intimation of her position and fate. He rushed to the spot, and in the effort to rescue her became dangerously entangled. But, fortunately for him, two men, who were on the premises, became aware of the fact in sufficient time, and dragged him out by sheer force from the mechanism by which his clothing was gripped. Both the woman's feet were ground off—and in two hours the ill-fated creature breathed her last.

Of course the law of what are unphilosophically called "accidents," and which can always be traced to their causes, is not suspended on St. Martin's Day, but it does not seem to fully explain away, either the frequency of occurrences like the above, or the popular opinion in regard to them.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1858.

Custom prescribes that a journal seeking for popular favor, should give a statement of the arrangements made to preserve what it has acquired and to conquer more, at the opening of a new year. Here, then, are ours for 1858:

The Editorial Department, confined in extent by the terms of our Prospectus, will occupy *three* pages, instead of two, as formerly, one of which will be exclusively devoted to Literary Notices, and articles on literary topics. In its range of subjects it will embrace greater variety—in the discussion of them assume more freedom—and, we doubt not, give even greater satisfaction, than heretofore. While preserving a style and tone suited to the family circle, it will not permit the peculiar embarrassments which attended the early publication of the paper, to interfere with either its manner or its matter.

In the Original Department—Mrs. Sadlier will continue her labors. Tales, Legends, Biographies, such as may be supposed to interest and instruct, will appear weekly from her pen. Under this head we also include Translations from approved sources, for which we have secured the services of a gentleman already known to our readers, and well qualified to do justice to whatever he takes in hand The past seven months are the best guarantee we can offer for the attention which will be paid to our original and selected reading.

Foreign News, carefully chronicled by our London and Paris Correspondents in their respective letters, is too important to be overlooked in a programme for the New Year. The great good taste shown by these writers in their choice of subjects, the judicious manner in which they dispose of them, the absence of everything savoring of excess in their language, and their thorough appreciation of Catholic necessities in America, justify us in promising that our Foreign pages will increase in interest, and become a still more truthful barometer of continental affairs. European Diplomacy is fast passing into a state of fever; and as the solution of its disease may be expected from Paris, it is but natural to turn Paris-wards for information. London, too, the centre of the Protestant world, has special claims to a representation in our columns, and there are few better qualified to do justice to her good and evil deeds than our correspondent from the head-quarters of "Anglo-Saxonism."

Political Correspondence, as distinguished from partizan, will be a prominent feature of our next Volume. The Congress in session at Washington promises to be the most important, both on account of the issues before the country, and the personal interests involved, that ever attracted attention. To keep our readers informed on its sayings and doings, we have obtained a regular Correspondent at the seat of Government, whose opportunities for acquiring correct information are second to none in the Federal Capital. The growing complications with the Spanish American States, have, also, suggested to us the necessity of giving still more space to their treatment, and having Spanish policy in regard to them, better known. For this purpose we have made arrangements with a gentleman who is possessed of peculiar facilities, and who will furnish us weekly with a *resume* of Spanish American opinion as expressed in its home and foreign organs.

Home News, so essential in a well conducted newspaper, and not forgotten, as our readers will testify, in the current volume, will fill a leading place in the Tablet for '58. Religious News, under which we class correspondence relating to the progress of the Church, and original Items on the same subject, will be carefully condensed and collated. Under this head, also, City Matters will receive proper notice; and the reader may rest assured that what he cannot find in the Tablet will not be worth looking after.

Among a people fanciful beyond any portion of their fellow-citizens, Poetry should not be forgotten. We will, therefore, devote a column weekly to original and selected verse, giving precedence to the former. Our available space has not allowed us to give proper hospitality to the Muses, but they may rely upon a discriminating and cordial welcome, in future.

In every way, we are determined to make the Tablet the very best newspaper published, of its class. Will our subscribers promise, on their part, to co-operate with us?

The Tablet for the New Year!

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We offer the following inducements to persons wishing to subscribe:

To any person remitting $2 50 in advance, we will send a splendid Steel Portrait of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, same size as the Tablet, and convenient either for framing or binding with the volume.

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DEATH.

Died in Utica, N. Y., on Wednesday, Dec. 9, of disease of the heart, Richard William Lalor, in the 33d year of his age.

Mr. Lalor came to this country in the June of 1848 or '49, and resided in the western part of this State until the time of his death. In the discharge of his different duties he was diligent and conscientious, and never forgot the practical requirements of his religion. Gifted with a liberal education and an amiable disposition, he was admirably fitted to make friends and retain them. *May his soul rest in peace. Amen.*

The Church of St. Joseph, Hudson City.—This Church, which was only commenced the past summer, is now sufficiently finished to allow Divine Service to be celebrated in it. It is a neat Gothic Church, situate on the best part of Bergin Hill, under the charge of Rev. L. Venuta, and will be opened for the first time with High Mass on Christmas morning at 6 o'clock. The Rev. Pastor has been aided by the ladies of the parish, who have organized an efficient choir, and ornamented the altar. The second High Mass will be celebrated at 11 o'clock.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

I. In choosing a subject for the press take care that you do not allow your own interest in it to render you oblivious to the want of interest which the public may feel. In other words, write concisely on topics of merely local bearings.

II. Never permit the ease with which a publication of your letters may be secured, to interfere with their accuracy of style or statement. In other words, come before the public in full dress or not at all. Boileau has it:

"Work slowly;
Nor ever vainly pride yourself on working fast.
A gentle haste succeeds. Nor let your courage fail,
If twenty times you find your efforts not avail.
Retouch each line with care, to increase its strength and grace:
A beauty here to add, a blemish there t' efface."

III. Avoid the ecstatic in description, be chary of praise as a rule, and always bear in mind that every opinion is enhanced, even to the object of it, which is doled out, rather than scattered.

IV. Write on one side of the page.

V. Pay the postage.

VI. Be not offended, nor cease your contributions, if an editor cannot see with your eyes or think with your brains. Everything has its purpose in the world. So has he; and one part of it is, while reflecting popular sentiments, to sit in judgment over them.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

We most respectfully invite the Catholics of New York and vicinity to call and examine our stock of Books, suitable for Holiday Gifts, before purchasing elsewhere. Our stock of Prayer Books and Bibles is the most extensive in the country. We have Bibles varying in price from $1 to $25; Prayer Books at all prices, up to $50; The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Life of Christ, Lives of the Saints, Gerald Griffin's Works, all splendidly illustrated and finished in various styles of binding.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Many complaints reach us of the irregularity with which subscribers receive their papers. This is more particularly applicable to the large cities, as Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, &c.

We request the attention of Postmasters to the fact that this is a serious injustice to us and to our subscribers, and one which we will spare no pains to trace to its proper source. When we send a bundle of papers to any Post Office, if one subscriber receive his paper all should, unless some unwarrantable liberties are taken by the clerks.

We could make specific complaints against individuals, but we withhold them for the present, hoping that this notice may be sufficient.

We see from our Canadian Exchanges that our neighbors are not exempt from similar annoyances.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the Tablet a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

Notice.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the Tablet, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

THE "TABLET" IN ALBANY, N. Y.

Our Subscribers in Albany, N. Y., will be served in future with the Tablet, from the Bookstore of Miss E. O'Sullivan, South Pearl street, who has kindly consented to act as Agent in Albany. Any of our Subscribers wishing the back numbers can have them on application at Miss O'Sullivan's store. She keeps on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books, Pictures, Beads, &c.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1857.

The members of the House of Representatives took possession of their new hall to-day. Ballots were drawn by the clerk for the seats, and, as the name of each member was in that manner called over, he selected his desk and occupied his chair forthwith.

The House then proceeded to the regular orders of the day, when the Chairman of the Committee on printing made a report to print 20,000 extra copies of the President's Message and accompanying documents. This gave rise to a debate on the merits of the Message, in which Mr. Cox, of Ohio, led off in a speech of some length, which was replete with arguments of an unanswerable character, upon the principles of the rights of the people to make their own laws. He condemned, in unmeasured terms, and not in very choice words, the acts and men of the Kansas Convention, and concluded by saying that he would never sanction the Lecompton Constitution by his vote.

Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, replied in much the same temper, and came near committing a *faux pas*, by the introduction of a preamble and resolution, amendatory to the report from the standing committee, in which he demanded a vote of the House on approving the principles, *in extenso*, of the Message, and of embodying them, during the session, in every bill susceptible of such an arrangement. Had this amendment been carried, it would at once have struck the dividing line between the friends and foes of the Lecompton Constitution, and shut out all hopes of an adjustment between both wings of the Democratic party on the vexed question. The old foxes of the party were, however, on the alert, for, while the tellers were counting the votes on its adoption, they prevailed on the mover to withdraw it, and thus prevented a disagreeable issue.

The Republicans were in ecstacies while those "family jars" were exhibited, expecting, as a matter of course, to profit by them for party purposes.

In the Senate, Mr. Green, of Missouri, made a powerful speech in reply to Judge Douglas, in which he defended the action of the Convention, and begged the Senator from Illinois, for the sake of the peace of the country, not to persist in his present course of opposition to the Administration and the best interests of the nation. Judge Douglas replied, that there could be no peace so long as there was a departure from principle, thus clearly admitting of no hope of a reconciliation with the Administration on the subject at issue.

The Hon. Robert J. Walker, Governor of Kansas, resigned his post to-day. His letter to Gen. Cass, Secretary of State, it is understood, is a very able one, and fortifies Senator Douglas's views of the question. It is not long. I cannot say whether the Department will publish it or not, but if it do not, Governor Walker will.

To-morrow, the Finance Committee of the Senate will introduce a bill for the issue of Treasury notes in amount sufficient to meet the exigencies of the government.

Mr. Harris, editor of the *Union*, received yesterday the caucus nomination of the Senate as its printer. Harris is in every respect an accomplished gentleman, and richly deserving the compliment thus paid him. All Protestant clergymen of this city, in consequence of a resolution of Congress applicable to the purpose, met yesterday, and tendered their services as chaplains to both Houses. I suppose the Catholic priesthood will not be backward in doing the same, if their time will allow of it.

Father James Ryan, S. J., preached at St. Mathew's Church on Sunday last for the benefit of the Young Catholics' Friends Society. The sermon was of the usual character from that gifted priest, and the music of the choir was superb. The Secretaries of the Treasury and War—Messrs. Cobb and Floyd—were present, besides a great many members of both Houses.

The most spicy paper published in this city now is the "*States*;" Major Heiss, proprietor. It is anti-British in its tone, but rather too much of the fillibuster both in spirit and feeling. How it manages to work along with little or none of the government patronage, which it highly deserves, and will, no doubt, get in due time. I cannot tell; but the Major has nerve and means, too, to fight his way to his legitimate place in the confidence of the public, and to the favorable notice of the powers that be.

Your notice to correspondents to be brief, compels me to leave many other things unnoticed, so that for the future I will try to condense as much as I can to save space.

SIGMA.

DRAMATIC EXHIBITION AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM.

On Wednesday evening last (December 9) the Dramatic Society of St. John's College, Fordham, gave their first tri-annual Exhibition. Highly pleased as we were with the excellent performances of last year, we anticipated a rich treat, yet we were not prepared to witness such complete success, and such evident marks of improvement. Richard II., the play selected for the evening, is one of Shakspeare's best in point of literary merit and real poetry; and contains many passages which present difficulties to the most accomplished tragedian. The fiery and highly-wrought contest of Mowbray and Bolingbroke before Richard—the exquisite pathos of the Duchess of York's appeal for the pardon of her son Aumerle—the struggle between duty and affection in the bosom of the aged York—the bold language of the crafty Northumberland, and the consummate address of the proud Bolingbroke, are all gems which lost little of their lustre in the hands of the young gentlemen who personated these characters. The numerous and highly respectable audience which crowded the hall seemed much pleased, and gave frequent marks of their approbation. On the rising of the curtain at half-past six, the King and his Court, splendidly attired, appeared in the first scene. Mr. Joseph Rogers sustained the character of Richard with dignity and feeling. His rich, sonorous voice was peculiarly suited to enforce the feat of royal authority, and express the emotions which agitate the soul. The prison scene in the fifth act is still fresh in our memory, when, alone in his dungeon, the dejected monarch gives full vent to his grief in accents which reverberate through the deserted halls; and then as the soft dulcet strains of distant music steal along the dim and dismal prison, and the deep-toned bell rings its fearful alarm, he breaks forth in that passionate exclamation—

> This music mads me, let it sound no more;
> For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
> In me it seems, it will make wise men mad,
> Yet blessings on his heart that gives it me!
> For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
> Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

The dignified and courtly Bolingbroke, whose address won to his cause the partizans of royalty and prevailed on the regent, York, found an able substitute in Mr. T. Neville. His acting as well as that of Mr. Edward Fitzpatrick as Mowbray reflected much honor on their talent, and gives high promise of future success. Justice would call on me to dwell on the merits of Messrs. Save, Merrick and Stacte, who also played a conspicuous part in the farce of the "Nervous Man" which immediately followed. This farce, which was changed and corrected for a College Exhibition, relieved us after the soul stirring events of the tragedy. Mr. Oliver McKeon played the Nervous Man in a manner which elicited much approbation, and evinced a true understanding of his character, while Mr. Wm. Sheridan in his character of McShane convulsed the audience with laughter by his ready wit and good humor. Messrs. Cifuerites and Turutusa also distinguished themselves.

The scenery was magnificent, especially a Gothic hall in the palace of King Henry, which reflects much honor on the artist who prepared it. Several members of the New York Academy of Music, with Professors Weismuller and Mace, gave an agreeable variety by their exquisite music. Our thanks are due to the directors of the Society for their exertions in providing this splendid entertainment. Still more are they deserving of praise for their selection of plays, and for appropriating to each character what is consonant with Christian modesty. Nothing that could offend the most fastidious taste was spoken or represented—no character appeared that was not suitable for a young gentleman, and everything was carried on in a manner which evinced the most refined taste and Chatholic feeling.

Such training is an admirable preparation for the world. It points out what is true and noble and chaste in the drama: it pute young men on their guard against that vitiated taste which hurries so many into the vortex of vice, and enables them to discriminate between what is opposed to morality and what is becoming a gentleman. Had the Society no other object than this, even supposing that it was not intended for the improvement of the students in Elocution, and to prepare the under-graduates for the debates in the senior classes, this would alone recommend it. The exhibitions of the College this year have been eminently successful and speak well for the progress of the Institution and we trust that on the return of the students after the Christmas recess, we will be treated to many more of these excellent entertainments.

SPECTATOR.

THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN ALBANY.

MR. EDITOR:—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed with great devotion in Albany, particularly in the Cathedral, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under that title. Pontifical Mass was sung, during which the Bishop gave the Papal Benediction.

At St. Mary's Church several of the girls under the care of the Sisters of Charity were received into the Society of "The Children of Mary," one of the many beautiful associations which we have amongst us. It was, indeed, a beautiful sight to see those children putting on, as it were, the livery of Mary, and promising to imitate her purity, humility, and charity. They were clothed in white, wearing white veils, with wreaths on their heads, and bearing lights, preceded by three children bearing a beautiful banner of white silk, on which was a represeatation of the Immaculate Mother. Father Doran addressed them in a feeling and impressive manner. I understand there was a similar reception in St. John's Church on the same day.

A. A.

OBITUARY.

Of your charity pray for the soul of JAMES M. CLARRY, Justice of the Peace, Fourth District, Brooklyn, E. D., who departed this life, Dec 2d, aged 30 years and 7 months.

The sudden death of Justice Clarry is a source of sincere and unaffected grief to a large circle of friends and relatives. Of frank and gentle manners, a good citizen, a devoted Catholic, he had endeared himself to all who were acquainted with him. He was a native of this city, and received his education at St. John's College, Fordham, of which institution he was a graduate. During his collegiate course, he was much beloved by his comrades for his good qualities, both of heart and mind, and their good wishes and affections he ever retained, as was evinced by the number of clergymen, his former comrades, who came to consign the mortal remains of their friend to the grave. Two years ago, Mr. Clarry was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace, in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, by a large majority over two opposing candidates. This election was a remarkable tribute to the private worth of the deceased, for, notwithstanding he was known to be an uncompromising Catholic, large numbers of persons, opposed to him in religion and politics, convinced of his honesty and integrity, worked arduously and successfully in placing him in the position he occupied at the time of his decease. That he deserved this tribute of respect, that he faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled the duties of his office, is evident from the manner in which the Brooklyn journals speak of his death. The Brooklyn *Times* says: "So upright and impartial was Justice Clarry, that it was not uncommon for parties to go from their own districts to lay their cases before him, satisfied that he would decide strictly according to justice." The example given by the deceased is worthy of imitation by our young men. He was always a practical Catholic, and when occasion required, he openly and manfully defended his Church, yet he did so gently and quietly, and thus he gained the good will of all. He did not, like many young men, sacrifice his religion to gain the favor of men and pave the way to success. In every position he was known and recognized as a devoted son of the Church.

The remains of Justice Clarry were taken, on Friday morning, to SS. Peter and Paul's Church, where a solemn Requiem was sung for the repose of his soul. Father Malone made an eloquent and feeling address, in which, after alluding to the private character of the deceased, he spoke of the loss the community suffered by the death of Mr. Clarry. His remains, followed by a large concourse of friends, were consigned to their final resting place, in Calvary Cemetery. May God, in His goodness, show mercy to the soul of our deceased friend!

JOHN BANIM, THE IRISH NOVELIST.

The story of a man who, while a child, gave promise of the splendid fruit that was to glorify his manhood, is always interesting. It may be true that a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one; yet, within the vast range of literature, is there a department that yields more solid stuff to the scholar and more charming passages to the general reader than that which treats of the lives of great men? It may be true that we have very few perfect biographies; but it is undoubtedly true that we are rich in charming books based upon the lives of men.

John Banim was born in 1798, in the "faire city" of Kilkenny, of humble but respectable parents. He was remarkable whilst young for an aptness at story telling; and we doubt not the chimney-corner often resounded with the echo of his suppressed whisper whilst he narrated some terrible ghost story, or recounted the adventures of some fairy pigeon turned by the "genii" into a beautiful young lady. As a boy he appears to have exhibited those sound qualities which endeared him to his friends in after life. Even the severity of an ill-tempered father failed to spoil him—and for the old reason, he had a devoted mother whom he loved passionately, and who kept perpetual sunshine in his home for him. He lisped in numbers; and exhibited that adventurous and inquiring spirit as a child which has generally been the characteristic of men born to do something in the world. This spirit nearly made him an outcast in swaddling-clothes—as the following anecdote will prove to the reader:

"Literary pursuits, however, were not the only ones by which Banim's attention was engaged; he frequently devoted his play hours to mechanical inventions. He formed a complicated machine which was to realize that dream of philosophy—perpetual motion. Having read 'Rasselas,' he fancied that the philosopher of the happy valley must have been a very unskilful artificer. He accordingly, of wicker-work and brown-paper, formed three pairs of wings, and fastened one wing to each wrist of his brother, and of his younger sister; having mounted with his two companions upon a manure heap, he fastened the remaining pair of wings to his own wrists, and all three, jumping from their eminence, found themselves, in place of soaring to the clouds, deposited in the 'verdant mud' which formed their lake. His next attempt was the construction of sky-rockets, intended to mount to a most extraordinary height, but which only blazed along the ground, burning the pyrotechnist, and almost destroying the house. This last exploit developed a very remarkable trait in his character. His father was so much offended by the danger to which the family and the building had been exposed, that in one of his outbreaks of passion he ordered the child to leave the house, and seek his fortune in the world. John took his cap, and went forth. It was a winter night, dark, and cold, with a roaring wind abroad. Away the boy went. Mrs. Banim was silent, knowing that remonstrance could conduce to no end, save that of increasing her husband's anger; and even he seemed anxious, but was too passionate to recall the offender. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and a sturdy knock was heard at the door; it was opened, and John re-appeared. He approached his father, and taking off his cap, said, 'As I am to go, I'll thank you, sir, for the sixpence I lent you the other day;'—this was the last remaining sixpence of thirty shillings subscribed for an unprinted fairy tale; and with it he was as willing, though a child, to commence his way in the world, with as bold a heart, as self-reliant a confidence, as when, in later years, he went forth with his young wife to venture upon the troubled tide of literature. The sixpence was repaid him, but, in addition, a second was given, and he was ordered to bed, his father having forgotten all his anger in the surprise of the moment."

The above anecdote gives a key to the future man's character; but, as a further illustration of his energetic spirit in childhood, let us quote the following description of the manner in which he celebrated his birth-days. His premature appreciation of the "art to blot" is singular:

"The poetic faculty, indeed, appears generally to have developed itself in early life; and whilst Tasso, Ariosto, and Lope de Vega were, even in school days, poets or romance writers, Boccaccio tells us—and the analogy of his case with that of Banim is striking—'Before seven years of age, when as yet I had met with no stories, was without a master, and hardly knew my letters, I had a natural talent for fiction, and produced some little tales.' But neither in the biography of Boccaccio, nor of any other man of genius, can we discover efforts so ardent and persevering to secure self-improvement as those exhibited, even in childhood, by Banim. Whilst in his ninth year, he began a strange birth-day observance. About a week before his birth-day he commenced the arrangement and perusal of all his verses and pieces in prose composed during the preceding year. When all had been read and duly criticised, he generally found that one was puerile—he himself being but a child—another set was turgid, a third portion was dull, a fourth lot was forced or unnatural; and the boy Banim was as fastidious in self-criticism as, in grave manhood, were Gibbon, Buffon, or Campbell. The evening of the birth-day having arrived, the condemned manuscripts were gathered in a pile, to which a lighted match was applied, and as the blaze mounted high the little author danced gleefully around the holocaust. He felt no regret in thus destroying his compositions. He was resolved that the productions of his intellect in the succeeding year should be superior to those of the past, and fancied that the pieces condemned to the flames would but disgrace the more finished efforts of the months to come."

Whilst at school he evinced a talent for drawing, and decided on the profession of an artist for his future career. In furtherance of this intention he proceeded to the Dublin Society, at which he carried off the first prize, and returned to his native "city," where he gained a small pittance by teaching drawing in a ladies' school. It happened about this time that Tom Moore arrived in Kilkenny, and took part in some theatricals at which Banim, yet a child, was present. The mind of the child was filled with enthusiasm by a recitation of the national poet given at a performance in the theatre of the town. He waited on Moore the next morn-

ing with some verses was received with kindness and saluted as a "Brother Poet." The shrewd lad to insure further protection had with a season ticket for the theatre, which was received thankfully, and young Banim was a constant attendant there until an event happened which left behind it a legacy of frightful suffering to the very hour of his death.

Amongst the young lady-pupils of the boy Banim was one—a fair, delicate, blue-eyed creature—whose surpassing beauty at an early period enthralled his imagination, and stolen walks and love vows were taken and exchanged. It was not long before these love vows were interrupted and these love meetings overlooked. Banim's father was a struggling shopkeeper, and the father of his beloved was a "gentleman farmer," a class once known in Ireland by their pride, their rapacity, and their improvidence. The shopkeeper's son was no mate for the "gentleman's" daughter. The young lady was taken from the school and sent to the house of a distant relative. The frenzy and distraction of her disappointed lover and drawing-master knew no bounds. He sought an interview in vain. Then he cursed the miserable love that would not break all bonds to reach him. Alas! the lady had fallen ill. Consumption lit his fatal lamp on her beautiful face. The news reached Banim that she was dead:

"Banim was informed of the melancholy catastrophe the day succeeding that of her decease; and then came the full tide of sorrow upon his heart, for in hearing she was dead he heard also that her love for him had been the cause of all her griefs, and in her agony his name had been the last upon her lips. When he discovered that she was no more, he merely said to his brother, who was appalled by the pain displayed in his features, 'Anne D—— is dead!' and retiring to his bed-room, remained in solitude and silence. He rose early the following morning; it was cold November weather, the rain was falling, and a gloom was in the sky and upon the earth. Banim left his home, wishing once more to look upon the victim who had been so dear in life, but who now, in death, was dearer than ever. He was too poor to hire a chaise; he borrowed a horse, but he could not endure the slow, steady pace of the animal, and when about a mile from Kilkenny sent it back by a country child, and continued his way on foot. He never knew by what route, or how he traversed the twenty-five dreary miles which lay between him and the corpse of his beloved, but night had closed around the dripping weary man as he reached the farmhouse where the body of Anne D—— lay. None of her relatives were present as he entered, and but few friends sat around. He stood beside the dead one's head, and the long black lashes of the closed eyes resting upon the pallid cheek, the shrunken features, and the worn look of her whom he had once thought so beautiful, from whom he had so recently parted in all the glory of her youth, terrified him, and he gazed upon her but shed no tear. His face of agony attracted the attention of those persons who had gathered by the coffin, and as he stood beside its head, one of Anne's half-sisters recognized him, called him the murderer of her sister, and demanded that he should be thrust from the room. At first Banim felt indignant at this cruel conduct, but suddenly he thought that if Anne had never loved him she might then be living happily; had she never met him she might be joyous and in health—but now she was a wreck of hope, of peace, of life; and scarcely daring to look upon her, he tottered from the room. He had eaten nothing since the preceding day; he felt no hunger, but entering an out-house, sank upon the wet straw of a car-shed, and there in a stupor of grief, continued until he heard the funeral guests assembling. He rose, re-entered the house, and being permitted to stand beside the coffin, saw the face of his Anne for the last time, as the coffin-lid hid it forever. He followed the body to the churchyard, stood by as the earth was piled up, and when all had departed, cast himself upon the fresh green mound that marked the grave of his first love. He never could recollect where the night succeeding this day of woe was passed, but the following morning his brother met him about ten miles from home. Leaning upon the arm extended to him, he reached his limbs along until he reached his father's house. With his brother's help he ascended to his room, and though from the time when they had met upon the road no word had been spoken by either, yet when entering his apartment he appeared to recognize it; the feeling of consciousness was but momentary, and he sank upon his bed powerless and senseless, prostrated in mind and body."

For the present we must take leave of John Banim. We shall return to him next week, and find him once more at work, and with a heart stout enough to bear many heavy trials.

Buonaparte had a dislike to Gretzy, and he who was remarkable for remembering names, always pretended, when the famous composer came before him, not to remember his name, wishing thereby to show how little importance he attached to the profession of music. One day, Gretzy being appointed as one of a deputation from the Institute, to congratulate the Emperor on his return from a campaign, Buonaparte perceived him through the crowd, and accosted him as usual with: "What is your name?" "Always Gretzy, sire."

A correspondent says that Hon. J. C. McKibben, of California, is the handsomest member of the present Congress. Will some writer give the name of the ugliest member?

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRISH REMARKABLE PLACES.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

In another country, in a rural churchyard in England, far from the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his God, the bones of Moore are laid. But the house in which he first saw the light of this world, in which his mind, so imbued with the sense of the beautiful, felt the awakening of its extraordinary powers, in which he passed the careless hours of childhood, and the aspiring days of youth, that house is standing in the capital of the land he loved, and sung in strains of unrivalled sweetness. And to this house, humble and unostentatious now as in the days when the minstrel went forth to win renown, there came early intelligence of his success, for those who remained, if distant, were not forgotten. Moore was a dutiful son. He felt that the full harvest of applause was nothing unless shared with the loved of his home; and, while his parents lived, he turned with the fondness of infantile years to the fostering bosom that he nestled in when a child.

In visiting the Remarkable Places in Ireland, whither could my footsteps more properly lead me than to the house in Aungier street, No. 12, the corner of Little Longford street, where our national bard was born, on the 28th May, 1779?

Ordinary mortals, the daily wrestlers in the arena of life, men of business, or those whose business is pleasure, cannot understand the feelings with which I beheld this modest dwelling. The reverence with which my heart throbbed, the veneration I felt as I approached the house, is not for them; they care not for those sentiments, could never discover

"Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks—
Sermons in stones—or good in anything."

that did not pertain either to some matter in hand, or the vanity of the moment. Hundreds every hour, and thousands every day go by this house, heedless that within the walls was raised the infant cry of him, who one day should be the "Poet of all circles and the idol of his own." Courted and caressed by peers and peeresses, yet he never forgot the Dublin shopkeeper and his wife; and although he lived in England, of him it may truly be said, his "heart was Irish to its very core." From this grocer's shop sprang into life and form, he whose volumes are in every house, and whether the subject is prose or poetry, history, biography, memoirs, chronicling important events with seriousness, or launching at oppression the lightning of his wit or the arrows of his satire, he is uniformly successful; and his sweet songs, attuned to the plaintive melodies of his native land, have unquestionably done much to raise the condition of his fellow-religionists. He caused the sad story of Irish misgovernment and oppression to be heard in halls where no such complaints could otherwise be made. He induced the fairest and loveliest of the highborn daughters of Britain to plead for the land of his birth, albeit unconsciously, and although the evils he deplored are removed or mitigated, although events which are embodied in his verses now only belong to history, the Melodies of Moore are treasured in every Irish home, sacred while a spark of the fire of patriotism is unquenched, everlasting in the land as the green on her plains.

It was rather late on a day towards the end of December, that I visited Moore's birthplace. It is readily distinguished from the other houses in the street, as well by being the first in the line, from the street called Little Longford street, of which it forms part, being the corner house fronting Aungier street, as also by its having a peaked gable to the front after the manner of Flemish and old English houses. Here those hospitable parties were given by his "joyous and social mother," as he calls her, when the small front and back drawing-rooms, with the small closet adjacent, were filled with mirthful guests; and in this little closet Moore gave promise of that sweetness of voice, rather than power, which formed the charm of his warbling, though, as he tells us, the selections he made required a more powerful volume of sounds. In his Memoirs, edited by Lord John Russell, he says, "I was myself one of the performers on such occasions, and gave some of Dibden's songs, which were at that time in high vogue, with no small eclat."

And here is the fireside by which the gifted youth, who went into the mighty Capital of England with the stamp of genius upon him, related to his admiring family and friends the circulation he obtained for his notes, and the men of talent who hailed him as possessor of sterling coin. He told of his visits to Donington Park, when the stately Lord Moira lighted him to his bed-room; how he became hand and glove with Dukes and Earls, and was kindly noticed by the heir apparent to the throne, George, Prince of Wales. "When I was presented to him," Moore writes, "he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honor he did me in permitting the dedication of Anacreon, he stopped me and said, the honor was entirely his, in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit. But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a new coat; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and the usual price of a new coat here is four pounds." How forcibly do the revelations of his London life to his family show that the true heart ever turns to the haunts of boyhood, and loves to commune with those we regard with that affectionate yearning the casual acquaintance can never elicit.

Through the influence of Lord Moira, Moore got the situation of Registrar to the Admiralty at Bermuda, but only remained there twelve months, returning to England in 1804, leaving his office to the care of a deputy. This step was the source of embarrassment which cast a shade over many a year of his after life, for, through either the dishonesty or inattention of the deputy, defalcations to a considerable amount occurred, which involved Moore in pecuniary distress. But who can fathom the inscrutable workings of Providence? Who can say if this necessity was not the cause of Moore's applying himself to literature? and, finding his energies spurred on by pressing circumstances, he produced those exquisite works which have given us moments of high enjoyment. With the Melodies of Ireland, Moore is forever identified, and those airs, connected by the patriotism, the sufferings, or the glories of Irishmen, will live in the hearts of his countrymen, while their life blood flows. The elaborate poem of Lalla Rookh was a most extraordinary production, and its topography, imagery, and other accessories are pronounced most accurate in every particular. Indeed, it was the belief of many, that Moore must have gone to the East to collect the materials. It is a remarkable monument of diligence and research. "It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters," he says, while living in a lone cottage (at Mayfield, near Ashbourn), he was enabled, by the concentration of thought, which retirement alone gives, to call around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes, which have since been welcomed in India as native to its clime. The poet was a laborious student when he liked his task, and the spirit which found vent in the Irish Melodies journeyed with him into the Land of the Sun. The story of the Fire Worshippers is proof of this.

When he returned to his native country, we cannot be surprised if the highest in rank and talent assembled to do him honor; and the graceful eloquence of the noble chairman who presided at a public dinner given to him, Lord Charlemont, as well as the admirable speeches delivered by Mr. W. H. Curran, and others present, amply sustained the reputation of those who uttered them, as well as the occasion which demanded the display. Proud must the tenants of this humble mansion have been on that night; the father, who, being present, heard the heartfelt tributes heaped upon his son, and the tenderer parent who sat here, beside this hearthstone full of gratified feeling, the more grateful that God, in endowing her child with genius, had left him mindful of the duty he owed to his native land. What emotion filled her heart when the newspaper report of the speeches told her that, in returning thanks for his father's health, after speaking of him he said, "and allow me to add, that on this day of cordial recollections, there is one who deserves to be remembered more ardently than he; as if I deserve (which I cannot persuade myself) one half the honors which you have this day heaped upon me; to him and the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all. Yes, gentlemen, to him and to an admirable mother—one of the warmest hearts even this land of warm hearts ever produced, whose highest ambition for her son has ever been that independent and unbought approbation of his countrymen, which, thank God, she lives this day to witness."

Previous to writing Lalla Rookh, Moore married a most amiable lady, whose many virtues endeared her to her husband and all who knew her; and having paid a visit to Italy, in company with the nobleman lately engaged in publishing his memoirs, Lord John Russell, Moore wrote "Rhymes on the Road," which are unstudied trifles in verse, descriptive of the scenery through which he travelled. The monetary affairs I have already mentioned, connected with the Bermuda defalcations, now exposed him to imprisonment, an attachment long issued against him, which compelled him to reside abroad. He lived near Paris, and there wrote the "Loves of the Angels," the "Life of Sheridan," and the "Epicurean." While in France, his exile was rendered less irksome by the attention he experienced from friends resident in Paris, and also the assurances of the place he held in the esteem and regard of affluent and real friends, who offered him no empty tributes but substantial sums of money; one alone (Jeffrey) pressed him to accept £500, to relieve his embarrassments; but Moore knew his own powers, and having written off his debts, returned to England in 1822.

His life thenceforward to its close was passed at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, where in the society of his beloved wife and his friend and neighbor, the Marquis of Landsdowne, and employed on his literary avocations, years rolled by.

These literary labors comprised every species of composition,

"From grave to gay—from lively to severe."

Biographies of Sheridan, Lord Byron, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and memoirs of Captain Rock, the Twopenny Post Boy, the Fudge Family, Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, and the History of Ireland, are amongst the most prominent. From the year 1835 to the time of his death, he enjoyed a pension of £300 a year from government, conferred by Lord Melbourne. But his latter years, if far from pecuniary distress, had afflictions of a yet more poignant nature. His six children, one by one, were taken from this world, and, save his dear wife, he was alone on earth. For some years before he joined his offspring in the grave, he labored under a species of derangement of the brain, which was similar to that disease to which Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and O'Connell, the mightiest of the triumvirate, fell victims.

The Bard of Erin departed to another, and I trust a better world, on the 26th February, 1852, having reached his 72d year.

He expired at Sloperton, and his remains were interred in the quiet churchyard of Bromption. His funeral was private; only his physician and a few friends from the vicinity of his residence followed Moore to the grave. But though his ashes lie in another land, his spirit survives in Ireland, and dear should his memory be to the land of his birth and his affections; for, to the amelioration of her social and political condition he lent the best efforts of his genius in verse and prose. A handsome statue to his memory is placed beside Trinity College, Dublin, from the studio of his namesake, Moore.—*Catholic Institute Magazine.*

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE POET BERANGER.

Beranger was living in his well known cottage in Passy, when I first had the honor of being presented to him. A tall elderly woman, with a countenance that must once have been very handsome, ushered me into the Poet's room. Half a century before, that drooping respectable looking female was the sprightly thoughtless Lisette, whose image remains fresh and young in our memories, embalmed as it is in some of the most exquisite "*chansons*" of the Poet. Though entitled to take the name best loved and most venerated in her country, she constantly refused to do so, from a feeling of respect towards the man. Lamartine not only clears up the mystery which gave rise to much calumny, but tells us, morever, that over the bed of the companion of the Poet, in the pilgrimage of life, the bead and the chaplet were turned round the sign of redemption, on which the blessed palm was regularly renewed each year.

The good priest who has just received the Cross of the Legion of Honor as a reward for his affection for the Poet, was a constant visitor; and the combined efforts of the three relieved many a sorrowful heart, and brought comfort to many a desolate home in the neighborhood.

Beranger's room was extremely simple, the humblest student would consider it scarcely comfortable enough. An iron bedstead, with green baize curtains, a table and a few chairs formed the whole furniture. There was but one picture then in the room, a large engraving of his constant and faithful friend, the celebrated Lamenais.

Timid, and even embarrassed, in conversation for the first few minutes, the Poet soon became animated and witty. His features, though heavy, and even coarse, had a most pleasing *ensemble*, and were constantly enlivened by a smile, in which satire and benevolence were strangely blended. He had a slight lisp, which had a most peculiar effect, when he made one of those shrewd remarks for which he was so justly celebrated.

When his country was in question, his large blue eyes became brilliant and animated, and he had an earnest and respectful way of pronouncing her name. The word "France" vibrated through the whole lyre of his soul. No patriot ever loved her more ardently, nor sought for, or solicited less in return.

Strangers were constantly endeavoring to intrude on Beranger's privacy, but were invariably refused admittance; but a patriot or an exile was sure to be warmly greeted. One of the Irish outlaws of 1848, a man of rare talent and energy, now a distinguished citizen of America, having expressed a wish to be introduced to Beranger, I wrote for permission to take him, and received the following reply, which is highly characteristic of the man:

"I believe I have already told you, Sir, that my ignorance of foreign languages prevented me from giving an audience to distinguished persons from different countries, who have the kindness to think of me during their sojourn in Paris; but you mention to me a friend of proscribed liberty. I will be happy to press his hand, if it is convenient to you to bring him to me one of these mornings, about ten o'clock. Receive, &c., &c.,

"Passy, 12 Nov., 1848. BERANGER."

We spent, the next day, a couple of hours with him. Our friend and countryman, whose pen is not less eloquent than his tongue, will give, no doubt, one day, the substance of that most interesting conversation, in which I was only an interpreter. I never saw Beranger so warm and affectionate, nor so eloquent. There is an electric affinity between men of genius and true patriots that make them understand each other, even without the help of language. Beranger never forgot the Irish Exile and never failed to inquire for him when we met. "Ce n'est pas un patriot a l'eau de rose, celui la;" said he one day to me. "Il doit aimer le peuple, et comprendre le peuple."

The last time I met Beranger was in March, 1856. He took me with him from the "Cirque Napoleon" to the Bastile; and, as we walked slowly along the boulevard, the conversation turned on Poetry, Moore, O'Connell, himself, and on the Bastile. "Jai vu bru er ca," said he, pointing to the spot where the old prison stood. He described the effect it had on him when he went up to the top of the house in which he lived, to look at the fire. "Je n'avais que neuf ans," "and I remember it distinctly," said he, as we reached the basis of that unmeaning column, under which the dark dungeons once lay.

On my expressing regret that Moore did not write for the people, as he did, and only warbled for what is so improperly called in Ireland

"the respectable part of the population," he said, "Vous exagerez la veleur de mes pauvres chansons."

He spoke of his bad health, and of his age, and of his having nearly reached the end of his journey; and when I expressed a hope that the coming Spring would serve him, he smiled and answered, "C'est trop de printemps"—that I have had. There was something sad in the joke; and he evidently thought his last Spring was near. He shook me warmly by the hand. I followed him with my eyes as he turned down the Faubourg St. Antoine. I never saw him again.—*Nation.*

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—No News considered Good News by the English Press.—The effects of the Fall of Delhi.—Further Risings.—Maun Singh joins his Countrymen.—The Archbishop of Dublin's Letter.—Catholic Confidence sure to be betrayed.—Rumored intention of the Ministry to propose the Abolition of the East India Company.—Probability of Strong Opposition to the Measure.—The Evangelical Alliance.—Gigantic Proselytising Plan.—The Plate to be sent round—The Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan.

LONDON, 27th November, 1857.

Our optimist cotemporaries look at the news just received from India as the "most favorable" that has yet reached us from the scene of the Hindoo insurrection. I have again and again read over with the utmost care the telegrams, and I can find nothing to warrant this assertion, except, indeed, that the organs of the British lion base it on the old saying, "that no news is good news." I see no change in the position of Generals Havelock and Outram in Lucknow. The former is still in the Residency, and the latter at a place about four miles distant. Havelock has but 1,500 men with him, Outram 1,000, and the sick, wounded, women and children are in large numbers. The revolutionary army is in great numerical force in the environs of Lucknow, and has altogether cut off communication between the two English commanders. Two British regiments and a convoy of provisions had reached Allumbamek, yet Sir James Outram was crying lustily for more supplies and reinforcements, while Colonel Greathed was "making the best of his way" to Lucknow, a prey to incessant attacks by straggling bodies of the revolutionists, over which he is said, so far, to have had the advantage. The revolted Gwalior contingent was proceeding by rapid marches to Cawupore. The British were greatly in want of cavalry and of animals for transport purposes. After having carefully weighed this intelligence it scarcely seems to me that the time is come for the *Times* and its confreres to chaunt *Te Deums*, nor does it look as if the "back-bone of the revolt" was suffering from a compound fracture.

The atrocities committed by the English soldiery after the fall of Delhi, the cold-blooded triple murder committed by the dastard Hodson on the persons of three sons of the King of Delhi have not failed to produce their effect. We have still, reports, rumors and certainties of revolt on every side, and even those who were previously adherents of the English have indignantly abjured all the further connection with them and have rushed forth to join the ranks of the insurgents. Maun Singh, hitherto attached to English interests has thrown the weight of his rank, influence and force into the revolutionary scale. He is no slight loss to the English, and may cause them considerable annoyance if he should not more materially effect their efforts. The treatment of the aged king and the execution of two more of his sons, which was already decreed, will not tend to cheek the deep feeling of detestation which the very name of Englishman now inspires in the breasts of the Hindoos.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has published his reply to the statement of Lord Saint Leonards in the form of a pamphlet, and has clearly convicted the Royal Commission for the distribution of the Crimean Fund, of misapplication of the money confided to them for the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Crimea. Catholic widows and orphans have little to expect from Royal Commissioners, and I know not what could be considered proper guarantees when the interests of the former are at the mercy of the latter. In my humble judgment, confidence on the part of Catholics in the fanatical and untiring enemies of their religion is misplaced. And of what service are guarantees in transactions with a government, the basis of whose traditional policy is bad faith,—with a nation which has earned among its fellows the style and title of "treaty-breaking England?" Does Irish history not give sufficient warnings? I cannot help thinking that Catholics,—particularly Irish Catholics,—run after an illusion when they seek justice at the hands of Protestant England. The Sepoys themselves would have a better chance of fair treatment.

It is rumored in political circles that the Ministry intend proposing to Parliament the abolition of the East India Company, and that the British possessions in India will henceforth be directly governed by the Home Government. Is this the panacea for India? I doubt that things will be any better under the command of the Governmental "Barnacles" than under the worshipful Company of Merchants. One thing however, is certain, that such a measure would be likely to meet with the most strenuous and determined opposition on the part of the adversaries of the Government. They would fear the extraordinary influence that an extended patronage would give to the government. The Ministry, with all the fat sinecures of India in their gift, would certainly, in the present state of political consciences, acquire a strength which it would be impossible to counterbalance. If such a bill be brought up we may expect to have lively time and some fiery debates.

While the political welfare of India will be thus attended to, its spiritual weal will not be neglected. The British Evangelical Alliance not daunted by the late results of misionary zeal in Hindostan has determined to undertake the latter job and a system of "Christianization" on a vast scale is in course of organization. Such at least was the announcement made by Sir Culling Eardly, who presided over the annual Conference of the Alliance which commenced on Thursday at the Freemasons' Tavern. The pious Baronet also stated that Protestant Germany, France, (!) Holland, Switzerland, and Sweden, (enlightened and tolerant Sweden,) were all willing to aid in the great work. The Missionary Societies of the metropolis have prepared a scheme of "united Christian action." As usual the public are called "to subscribe" though their efforts in that way have so far resembled the labor of the Danaides.

In the case of the Queen *versus* the Rev. Peter Conway, the reverend gentleman's counsel renewed the application for an extension of time to plead to the *ex officio* information filed against his client, and eight days were allowed, the Crown acquiescing. The place of trial has not as yet been decided upon. A subscription for the Rev. Mr. Conway's defence is being set on foot and the sum of five pounds has been subscribed to it by Geo. Bowyer, Esq., M.P. for Dundalk. The Rev. Mr. Ryan is, I regret to state, in delicate health. The information against him contains only ten counts instead of thirty-one, but the whole taken together will prove to be of very little account.

W.

Opening of Parliament.—The Queen's Speech.—General Characteristics of those Documents.—Mobility of the Royal feelings—Striking a balance.—The Earl of Derby on the Speech.—Lord Ellenborough's opinion.—Mr. D'Israeli attacks the Government.—Palmerston to the rescue.—The Divorce Bill.—Another Jew Bill.—Catholic Items, &c.

LONDON, 4th December, 1857.

The pattern of royal mothers, who is supposed to wield the sceptre over those happy isles, opened in person, on yesterday, that model of constitutional assemblies—the British Parliament. The royal *comedienne* got through her insignificant *role*, in the usual insignificant manner, though the text of the part did not please certain parliamentary critics. The "speech" is as vague and meaningless as diplomacy requires such documents should be. It was couched in the regular Sir Patrick O'Plenipo style. I have often admired the wonderful tact in balancing things which is displayed in royal addresses. If there be anything to regret it is certain to be counterbalanced by something to be thankful for. Her Majesty regrets *this*, but is happy to state that she rejoices at *that*. Her Majesty has observed with great regret that the state of commercial transactions in general has occasioned a diminution of employment in manufacturing districts which, *she fears*, cannot fail to be attended with much *local* distress. *She fears* is admirable and of the most refreshing simplicity. She consoles herself, however, with the reflection that it *may not* last very long, and hopes "that the abundant harvest will, in some degree, mitigate the sufferings which this state of things must necessarily produce." I confess that I have lost my latin in trying to get any sense out of this phrase, and I have the audacity to think that even the royal intelligence was innocent of understanding it. As to India, her Majesty grieves over the bereavements of her subjects there, but exults over the victories obtained. Royal minds, it would seem, are especially volatile, and possess, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty so vaunted by the poet of passing from "grave to gay, from lively to sacred." To change the beautiful words of Moore, the Queen seems to have a tear in one eye and a smile in the other. Her Majesty also informed the worthy legislators that the affairs of her East Indian dominion would require their most serious consideration, which "nobody can deny." Throwing aside the royal scales, however, and applying the measure of Common-Sense we find: the Bank suspension, Joint Stock Bank failures, general distrust, Indian revolts, Chinese difficulties, and starving artizans, on the one side, a treaty with the Shah of Persia, and the evacuation of Herat on the other. It is not difficult to see which side of the balance is the heavier.

After the address in reply had been proposed and seconded, the Earl of Derby expressed his opinion that the only paragraph of the speech which was in any way satisfactory, was that which spoke of the peace of Europe, which seemed likely to be undisturbed. He objected to Lord Palmerston's braggadocio speech at the Mansion House, and considered that the government had acted injudiciously in sending reinforcements to India round the Cape, when a much shorter route could be made across the Pacha of Egypt's territory. Lord Ellenborough said that the paragraph in the Queen's speech relating to India meant nothing at all. His Lordship censured the delay in sending out troops, and thought the government highly responsible for the course they had pursued. The Duke of Argyle defended the government, and after other remarks from various noble Lords, the address was agreed to.

In the Commons, D'Israeli was very severe on the Government for not having convened Parliament at an earlier period in view of the commercial crisis, and for having on their own responsibility violated the Bank act of 1844. He attributed the Indian revolt to the annexation of Oude and blamed the Government for not having endeavored to find out the cause of the revolt before taking measures for its suppression. He hoped the Premier would lose no time in laying his measure of Parliamentary Reform before the House. Lord Palmerston vindicated the conduct of the Government in his usual style. His Lordship announced that the much-extolled Havelock would be provided for. As to the Government of India, no measure would be brought forward until after the recess, notwithstanding the recommendation of her Majesty that "serious consideration" should be immediately given to the subject.

The address to her Majesty on the subject of withholding the Order in Council for putting into operation that Mormon Measure, the Divorce Act, until Parliament had time to reconsider some of its clauses, has been placed in the hands of Sir George Grey, for presentation to the Queen. The address is signed by nine thousand persons, among whom three thousand clergymen. The Bishop of Exeter has written a letter to his Clergy, in which he states that persons divorced by the new law will not be remarried in his diocese, and that his Vicar General was of the same opinion. It is refreshing to see the Church, by law established, at loggerheads with Law.

The speciality of Hebrew disabilities will be undertaken this session by Lord John Russell. Will his Lordship be more successful with his measure than the Government last session, is a question that time will decide.

On Monday last His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop consecrated the Right Rev. Dr. John Baptiste Scandella as Bishop elect of Antinoe and Vicar-General of Gibraltar at the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater. The Very Rev. Dr. Manning and a large number of Metropolitan Clergy were present on the occasion.

The Tenant League held a meeting in Dublin on Tuesday last, and the re-introduction of the League Bill, as amended and adopted last April, was decided upon.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough street, will be re-opened on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, which falls on Tuesday next.

A collection in aid of the Dublin Catholic University will be taken up in the different churches of that city on Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Conway has arrived in Ballinrobe, on his return from Dublin. The Rev. gentleman, on his arrival, drove directly to the chapel, and thus prevented the demonstration which the people had gotten up to greet him on his arrival. He did not present himself before his people until he came on the altar to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He subsequently addressed the congregation in Irish, explaining to them the position of affairs, and begging of them to preserve quiet and go home without any cheering or other demonstration which might be disagreeable to the inhabitants of other denominations.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Belgium.—The New Minister's Manifesto.—He plays the Saint.—His Dissimulation and want of courage.—Manifesto of the Minority.—A Fable and its application.—The Liberals and the Country.—M. Rogier pitied against his former Victor.—Omer Pacha.—The Bessarabian Frontier.—Jules Favre Defeated.—M. Dupin.—Colonel O'Donnell.—A new Publication.—Catholic Items.

PARIS, 26th Nov., 1857.

The head of the new Belgian Cabinet, M. Charles Rogier, has published a sort of political programme, in a circular addressed to the different provincial governors. The standard-bearer of the Left feels the illegitimacy of his position, and endeavors, unskilfully enough, it is true, to exculpate himself from the blame of bringing about the dissolution of the Chamber. M. Rogier trembles at the idea of accepting the responsibility of the unconstitutional means employed by his party to bring about the results we have seen. If we believe him, it was against his will, and merely to oblige his countrymen that he accepted the task of forming a ministry. According to his own account, there never was a minister more immaculate than himself. He is emphatic in his declarations of attachment to religion and order. But this hypocrisy will not serve him; and the endeavor to erase from the memory of his fellow citizens the remembrance of the riots of May will be ineffectual. M. Rogier has not the courage to avow his opinions—to be consequent with his antecedents. He has recourse to dissimulation and subterfuge, to equivocal phrases, a sure sign that he knows his weakness and that of his party. The apparent moderation of the Minister's circular will deceive nobody; his friends in the street are a little too violent to permit a belief in the feigned gentleness of their chief, and the smooth words of the latter produce a curious effect, after the hard paving stones of the former.

The members of the minority have issued their manifesto in answer to that of the Catholic and Constitutional party. It is merely the circular of the Minister diluted, and is neither remarkable for argument nor style. It is also lavish of its profession of zeal for religious liberty, &c. M. Rogier and his inglorious minority bring to my mind the fable in which Lafontaine shows us a cat covering himself all over with flour for the purpose of ensnaring the rats. The answer of one of the latter is remarkable, and I would recommend it to the consideration of Monsieur Rogier and his adherents: "'Tis useless to flour yourself, Mr. Cat, for even if you were a sack I wouldn't touch you."

The "Liberals" are making the most desperate appeals to the country electors, and articles are daily published for their especial benefit. It is scarcely necessary to say in what spirit these elucubrations are conceived, or what are the "arguments" adduced to induce the countryman to abandon the cause of his religion for the camp of the rioters. The slavery to which the Conservative party are charged with desiring to effect their return, is contrasted with the magnificent position they hold to-day. Many an honest peasant who grumbles at his hard fate will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that he is so free, so independent, and so happy, as the journals of the Gauche would make him believe. As you may well believe, the "aristocracy," and the "monks" are "handled without gloves" in those productions. After the glorious regeneration, according to one of those writers, the peasant "had no need to hold out his hand at the gate of a chateau or an abbey when sickness or reverses weighed him down." Where does he turn now when he is afflicted? The writers of the Gauche know it but too well.

Nor do they confine themselves to publishing articles, addresses and manifestoes. They establish, wherever it is possible, electioneering clubs. In short they seem to feel that it is a struggle for life and death, for they try every means to avoid a defeat. The 10th of next month will show us whether the Belgians know how to choose between riot and injustice, and order, religion and the Constitution. Mr. Charles Rogier will have as a rival for the representation of Antwerp, M. Delafaille, by whom he was defeated in 1854. The lesson of 1854 will most probably be repeated in 1857; whether Mr. Rogier will profit by it is another question.

A correspondent of the *Pays* writing from Constantinople, under date of the 14th current, contradicts the announcement made by the *Gazette Autrichienne*, that Omer Pacha was to take the command of an army of observation to be sent to the frontiers of the Danubian Principalities, and announces his departure for Bagdad, of which place he has been appointed Governor. The *Constitutionnel* announces that the plenipotentiaries of the powers that signed the Treaty of Paris are to meet to-morrow in conference at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to exchange the ratifications of the arrangement relating to the tracing of the frontiers of Bessarabia. The conference will not, in all probability, be able to take up the affair of the Principalities before the middle of the month of January.

At the election of a deputy for the second electoral circumscription of the Sarthe, M. d'Aubigny, the government candidate, was elected by a majority of 14,000 over the well known Jules Favre, candidate of the opposition.

M. Dupin, ex-Procureur-General of the Court of Cassation, who resigned his office in 1852, on the confiscation of the property of the Orleans family by Louis Napoleon, has accepted the office of Imperial Procureur-General to the same Court, in the place of M. de Royer, who is appointed Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice.

It is reported that Lieutenant-Colonel O'Donnell, a descendant of the Irish family of that name who came to France in the reign of Louis XI., has been appointed Governor of the Chateau of St. Germain, which has been changed into a museum of artillery.

There is considerable talk in literary and political circles about a new book by M. Joseph Chautard, to be published shortly and entitled: *Tippoo Saïb; or, the English in Mysore.* M. Chautard's book is said to be a withering satire on the policy of England in Hindostan. The crimes of Hastings and Lord Clive are pointed in their true colors, and are said to justify the revolt of Nena Sahib, and the tardy reprisals of the present.

On Sunday next, which will be the first Sunday in Advent, will take place the commencement of the pious exercises of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament for the year 1857–1858. The ceremonies will be presided over by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris.

The *Univers* publishes the text of a decree of the Congregation of Rites addressed to the Bishop of France, in virtue of which the name of the Emperor will be henceforth added to the Canon of the Mass, after the names of the Pope and the Diocesan Bishop.

A decree of the Minister of Public Instruction appoints Monseigneur de Salinis, Archbishop of Auch, a member of the Academic Council of Toulouse.

Before the revolution, the Canons of the Cathedral of Nancy wore violet soutanes, and on their breasts a cross representing on one side Saint Sigisbert, and on the other the Annunciation of Our Lady. The Bishop of Nancy during his recent visit to Rome obtained from the Holy Father, a bull, in virtue of which the titulary canons of the Cathedral and the Vicars-General will again wear the cross. The black soutane will be bound with violet, with cuffs and buttons of the same color. The hat will also be ornamented with a violet tassel.

The Archbishop of Cambray consecrated on Sunday last, at Aniches, a School of the Christian Brothers, recently founded by the piety of a lady. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Deputy of the Arrondissement, and of the principal persons of the parish. The Venerable Prelate pointed out the good that such an establishment would do in the midst of a working population. The establishment of Christian Schools, said his Grace, is preferable to the founding of hospitals. Religious education, it is true, makes hospitals less necessary, for it preserves from the evils which usually lead to them.

THE ORPHANS.

It is unnecessary to remind our readers, at least that portion of them resident within the city of New York, that the collections on Christmas Day, in all the Churches, will be for the benefit of the Orphans. Catholics have never proved themselves unmindful, nor turned a deaf ear to the appeal made to them in behalf of those whom Providence has deprived of their natural protectors. Such being the case, we doubt not that the collections in the present instance will fully equal, if not exceed, those of former years. The Orphans look to us for assistance at each returning anniversary of Christmas, let us not prove unmindful of them in their present extremity, nor allow it to be said that their appeal was suffered to pass unheeded.

CITY NEWS.

POVERTY *vs.* RICHES.—More humanity and good nature have invariably been found in the hovels of the poor than in the mansions of the wealthy. It would appear as if the majority of persons grow hard-hearted in proportion as they grow rich. An illustration of this was afforded in the upper part of this city last week. A man accompanied by his wife, passing along East 22nd street, was attracted lately by the cries of an infant about a week old lying in the vestibule of one of the houses. They solicited admission for the little abandoned one within the precincts of the house for a few hours, but the *lady* of the mansion refused compliance with so charitable and reasonable a request. The man then wrapped his wife's cloak or shawl about the infant, and waited until a policeman arrived who took it in charge. The denizens of many of our first-rate brown-stone houses strive might and main to banish the remembrance of former days, by assuming an arrogance of port and demeanor, which is repulsive as it is contemptible, imagining that by such a line of conduct they obliterate all remembrance of the time when the male owner of the establishment drove butcher or grocer's wagon, and Madam was forced to leave her pallet at 3 o'clock in the morning in order to be in time for the North River boats.

FARE TO BROOKLYN, E. D.—People were agreeably surprised on Friday last, on hearing that such of them as desired going to Brooklyn could be conveyed from James' slip, foot of James street, in this city, to South Tenth street, for one cent. The above, or something tantamount to it, was a consummation very much to be desired. No greater monopoly exists than that enjoyed by the Union Ferry Company for years past. When the communication between both cities were much less than now, conveyance backward or forward could be procured from the Fulton Ferry for one cent, and the ferry was found to pay. Now, when traffic of every description is multiplied in an exceeding degree, two cents are required for passengers. We must not omit to mention that the boats plying from James' slip belong to George Law, better known as Live Oak George since his fruitless but energetic attempt to reach the White House. We trust George may be more successful in his present speculation than in his former political one; indeed we are certain he will. He can be of immense more service to his fellow-citizens and countrymen about the neighborhood of James' slip than he could ever expect to be in the region of Washington. The boats on this George Law line, as we may denominate it, are considered the fastest on the river.

FRENCH BENEVOLENCE.—Our fellow-citizens of the Galic nation have not been unmindful of their poor, as the following will testify. From the annual report of the French Benevolent Society, it appears they have spent $3,739 62 during the past year; applicants were furnished with money to the amount of $1,218 12; forty-six persons were sent back to Europe at an expense of $677; $1,770 were paid for 29,400 bbls. of bread furnished to the poor. Louis DeComeau is the President of this Society.

THE WEATHER.—The weather for the past fortnight or ten days has been the finest ever recollected at this season of the year. In fact the winter may be said not to have commenced as yet. This is a great boon to the poor, deprived as they are in a great measure of employment and consequently of many necessaries.

CITY MORTALITY.—There were 354 deaths in this city last week, a decrease of 8 on that of the previous one. The nativity table gives 239 natives of the United States, 67 of Ireland, 33 of Germany, 5 of England, 4 of Scotland, and 1 each of Italy, Prussia and the West Indies.

BACKING UP THE ADMINISTRATION.—On Friday evening last a meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Union Club was held at their rooms, corner of Mercer and Broome streets, for the purpose of taking into consideration the late action of President Buchanan on the Kansas question. A series of resolutions, backing up Mr. Buchanan's administration and expressive of the sense of the club on the Kansas question, were passed by an almost unanimous vote.

THE MEAT MARKET.—There was a considerable increase in the number of beef cattle offered for sale last market day over that of the week previous. Beef of the best quality did not exceed ten cents a pound. Ordinary lots went off at 9 and 9 1-2 cents, while the coarser and more inferior were disposed of at about 8 cents a pound, and in several cases at less. There is no likelihood of an advance in prices.

The upper-tendom classes in this city, intoxicated with joy at the return of Mr. Tieman for Mayor, nourish the determination—as the pedagogues of former days would say—of not voting henceforward for any candidate for office, howsoever fitted, unless said candidate be the possessor of a fashionably made and highly polished pair of boots, together with a moustache of formidable as well as imposing dimensions. According to the above wise and laudable arrangements, boots and moustaches, instead of experience and eligibility, become in future the strongest recommendations for office.

Thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry seized by the Custom House officers on board one of the European steamers were sold off by public auction on Saturday last. A magnificent bracelet valued at more than two thousand dollars, set with diamonds and sapphires, some large and beautiful diamonds, and many valuable emeralds were among them. A great number of persons attended the sale, and the articles offered brought high prices.

A person named Abram Kromer, lately a merchant of Smithville, Jefferson County, N. Y., was arrested and brought to this city on a charge of obtaining goods to the amount of $733 on false pretences from the firm of Wm. Way & Co., Murray street, in May last. He was committed for examination.

There is every reason to hope that the erection of the new Post-office will be proceeded with without delay, as the President agreed on Friday with a Committee of the Board of Common Council on certain terms which are characterized as the basis of a bargain.

A meeting was held in the Park on Thursday evening last for the purpose of sustaining the present Administration. Despite the unpleasantness of the evening the attendance was numerous. Several speeches were delivered, and much enthusiasm was manifested.

The Board of Ten Governors have made an appropriation of $200 for the purpose of affording the children on Randall's Island good dinners on Christmas Day and New Year's Day. A further appropriation of $75 was awarded to the lunatics for a similar purpose.

The show of fat cattle at the Crystal Palace turns out a complete failure. Comparatively speaking, but few cattle were offered for exhibition, and these were of a most inferior kind as well as quality. It is in contemplation to remove the Palace altogether the coming spring.

A large number of counterfeit notes of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, Jersey City, have been struck off with the view of circulating them extensively in this city. We recommend parties to be on the alert, and not suffer themselves to be taken in.

The New England Society celebrated the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims by a dinner at the Astor House on Monday evening last. Among the invited guests were a number of well known characters,—politicians and otherwise.

The Alms-House Governors have provided accommodations at Blackwell's Island for persons afflicted with small pox. Application for admission can be made to Mr. George Kellock, Jr., at the Rotunda in the Park.

A writ of errors and stay of proceedings have been obtained in the case of Michael Cancemi, sentenced for execution on the 15th January. His case wil be carried to the Court of Appeals during the coming month.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Councilmen, the sum of $500 was appropriated to purchase a portrait of Mayor Wood. Donations were also ordered to be made to several institutions.

An association has been formed in New Brighton, Staten Island, for the purpose of affording free lectures to the public during the winter. The first lecture came off on Thursday evening last.

Charles A. May, heretofore Public Administrator, has been removed from that office within a few days past. It is reported that the books of the office are not balanced. His successor has been appointed.

Over a thousand persons, comprising laborers, mechanics, &c., have been discharged from the Brooklyn Navy Yard since the first of the present month.

It is in contemplation to establish a Mercantile Library Association in Brooklyn. A sum of $8,700 has already been subscribed for that purpose, and a list of 800 members enrolled.

The steamers between this city and Hartford have been laid up for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Kemble is engaged at present in giving readings from Shakespeare at the Hall of the Medical University, 14th street.

The Brooklyn poor are to be supplied with coal, free of cost, during the winter.

The Broadway Theatre has been converted into a Circus.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

DIOCESE OF FERNS.—The following appointments have been recently made by his lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong: The Rev. P. C. Sheridan, of Carrick Bannow, has been nominated Dean of St. Peter's College (a new office); and the Rev. Mr. Doran from the British College, Paris, has been appointed Professor of French in the same institution. The Rev. John Walsh leaves St. Peter's for the curacy of Kilkenny, taking the place of the Rev. Edmund Doole, who goes to Kilrane, whence the Rev. W. F. O'Neill removes to Carrick. Other changes are spoken of but we cannot give them as authentic.—*Wexford Independent.*

The following items of Catholic news are from the Sydney *Freeman's Journal*: "The foundation stone of the Catholic Church of All Saints was laid on the reserve at the corner of Bentinck and Henry streets. The services were conducted by the Right Rev. Dr. Goold, Bishop of Melbourne, and the Very Rev. Dr. Geoghegan, Vicar-General. An appropriate sermon was preached by Dr. Geoghegan, after which a collection was made amounting to abont £70. A confirmation service was held by the Bishop, at which there was a numerous attendance."

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy conferred the sacrament of holy orders on the Rev. John Slattery, of Clerihan, who had been previously received into deacon's orders. The heads of the college and a number of the clergy were present at the ceremony, which lasted for two hours, and the congregation seemed highly edified. This young clergyman received his education in the Irish College, Paris.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

A meeting was held in Albury, on the 6th ult., to take steps for the erection of a church. The handsome sum of £443 was subscribed in the course of a few minutes. The resident and office-bearers of St. Patrick's Benefit Society have presented to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Adelaide, the founder of the society, a valuable ebony cross, three feet high, bearing the figure of our Blessed Saviour in Parian marble.

The Rev. Peter Fagan has been removed from the professorship in the seminary at Navan, which he held so creditably to himself and so advantageously to others for seven years, to the Curacy of Mountnugent. The Rev. Anthony Cogan has been appointed to succeed him, and the Rev. Mr. Morgan replaces Father Cogan in the Curacy of Navan.—*Meath People.*

The Rev. Thomas O'Reilly has been removed from Mountnugent to Rochford bridge, to the regret of the people of the former parish. The Rev. Mr. Murphy, for some time curate of Johnstown, has been sent to Kingscourt, and the Rev. Mr. Timmin, from Kingscourt, replaces him.—*Ibid.*

The Office and High Mass for the repose of the late Very Rev. Dean Coll was celebrated in the parish chapel of Newcastle. Nearly sixty clergymen attended and took part on the occasion. The sacred edifice, since its erection, had never such a number of the Catholic clergy within its precincts as on Tuesday.—*Munster News.*

The progress which the church has made in Liverpool during the last thirty years, as shown by the annals of the town, is very great. In 1827 there were only four churches; now there are fifteen. Schools, ten years ago, were few; at present they are numerous, and the aggregate yearly attendance about ten thousand.

The Rev. William Bourke, P.P., St. John's, per the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, acknowledged the receipt of £50 from James Hickie, Esq., Robert street, the munificent bequest of his father, James Hickie, Esq., in aid of the new Cathedral of St. John's.—*Limerick Reporter.*

Several of the Redemptorist Fathers who had been sent on a mission to Calauria have just returned. The result of their labors are most satisfactory and consoling.

The Rev. John Prendergast, Catholic pastor of Haddington, has written an able letter in reply to the gross and illiberal attacks of a provincial newspaper on the Irish Catholics in Scotland.

A telegram *via* Madrid announces the death of the Patriarch of Lisbon.

Domestic.

BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.—We congratulate the Catholics of Northern Indiana on the auspicious appointment of the Right Rev. John Henry Luers to the See of Fort Wayne. The new Bishop has been many years the beloved Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Cincinnati. He brings to his exalted station talents, learning, experience, zeal. His knowledge of the English, German, and French languages will peculiarly qualify him for the post for which he has been selected.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.—On the 8th inst., the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick conferred the holy order of priesthood, in the Cathedral of St. Louis, on the Rev. Henry Muhlstephen (from Prussia) and Rev. Philip Lawrence Henderikx (from France.) On the 12th, a young Indian girl, a pupil of St. Mary's school, received the holy sacrament of baptism.—*Warheits-Freund, Cincinnati.*

DIOCESE OF SAVANNAH—CONVERSION.—On Sunday, the 29th ult., Mr. Oliver Flint and Mr. James Leslie were received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Edward Quigley, pastor of St. Mary's Church, in Sharon, Georgia. Both the converts are gentlemen of the highest intelligence and most exemplary characters.

The Lecture of the Very Rev. E. M'Mahon, delivered on Sunday evening last, for the relief of the poor, was very well attended. All appeared deeply interested in the Lecture, if we are to judge by the breathless attention that was paid to its delivery, occupying an hour and a quarter. It was just such an intellectual treat as one would look for from the Rev. gentleman. The points treated on were well reasoned, in a clear and philosophical manner, showing himself complete master of his subject.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

We are sorry to learn that the Rev. J. B. Byrne, who had been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of this diocese, has resigned the office. We are informed that the Bulls have already been sent back to Rome.—*Ibid.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

CANDLES—Adamantine continue inactive at 20@21c., 4 months. Sperm as previously noted, viz., 42c. for plain, and 52c. for patent.

COTTON—The market has been a little more active at the decline quoted. The sales are about 600 bales on a basis of 10½c. for Middling Uplands.

COFFEE—A better feeling prevails, and prices are ¼@½c. better. The auction sale of low grades Rio passed off showing the advance above quoted; 3,132 bags sold at 8(@10½c., average $5 95; no prime was in the catalogue.

COAL—The demand for Domestic during the week has been limited, owing to the very mild weather, thus enabling miners and others to get forward large supplies, so that the aggregate receipts at tide water for the season are not likely to fall short much, if any, of those of last year. The demand for cargoes is light. The East is very well supplied. There is, however, considerable going forward on former contracts, and our quotation for cargoes is somewhat nominal, at $4 75@$5. From yard it is selling at $6@$6 0-2, for small and large size delivered. The supply of foreign is in excess of the demand, and is dull and lower. We hear of sales of two cargoes of Orrel at $8 12½@$8 50; two of Cannel at $10 25@$10 50, and one of extra Hamburton at $11, all 4 mos., closing at the inside rates.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Western Canal Flour is moderate, and with increased desire to realize, prices of the low grades are 1@5c. easier. At the abatement there is a limited inquiry for export, in consequence of the inability to negotiate sterling exchange. The Eastern demand is fair, and there is a steady local inquiry; the sales are 11,500 bbls. at $4 35@$4 50 for common to good State; $4 55@$4 70 for extra do.; $4 35@$4 50 for superline Indiana and Michigan; $4 55@$5 50 for extra do.; $4 90@$5 60 for common to good extra Ohio; $5 00@$6 90 for good to choice do.; $5 50@$7 25 for St. Louis brands; and $5 50@$7 70 for extra Genesee, so called. Canadian Flour is in good supply and is again lower and slow of sale; the arrivals are in excess of the demand.

FRUITS—Raisins are quiet at $2 05 for Bunch and $2 25 for Layers. Western Winter Apples at $3 50 ₱ bbl. Turkey Figs have been in liberal demand at 8@10c., with sales within a few days of 18,000 Drums. Dried Apples command 7¢., and Southern, 7c.

FEATHERS are quoted nominally at 42@45c. for Prime Western Live Geese, and 38@40c. for Tennessee.

GRAIN—The demand is less active for Wheat, mainly confined to common qualities for export, but with few offerings, prices are 1@3c. lower, the heaviness the most noticeable in prime qualities; the sales are 3,500 bush. Fair Red Southern at $1 15; 5,800 bush. ordinary to prime White do. at $1 26@$1 37; 3,500 bush. good Red Iowa at $1; 3,000 bush. common White Kentucky at $1 20; 3,000 bush. Chicago Spring at 96c., and 7,000 bush. common White Canadian at $1 15. Rye is more plenty and is dull at 75c. for Northern. Barley is quiet and in fair supply at 70@82c. Barley Malt is in steady demand 96@99c. Oats are plenty and lower; the supply is increasing; sales of State at 44@47c., and Western at 46@49c. Corn is plenty and dull, much of it at offering is very damp; sales of 21,000 bush. at 56@66c. for Jersey New and Southern Yellow; 60@66c. for White do.; 68@70c. for Western Mixed, and 70c. for old Jersey Yellow.

HAY—The demand has continued good for shipping, although Southern markets are quite as low as this and many of them overstocked. The quantity in store here is light, and the demand for local consumption is good; sales of 1,700 bales at 50@65c. ₱ cwt. D. Loose is selling at 37½c. ₱ 100 D, and is more plenty. Straw is not plenty, and is selling at 75@81½c. ₱ 100 D, and in bundles at $2 50@$3 ₱ 100.

HIDES—There has been less activity to day, and prices still show an inclination to further declension. The import since the 1st inst. has been 55,827. The stock on hand is reduced to 333,121, against 20,336 same time in 1858; the sales are 800 Southern at 10@10½c., cash; 320 Buenos Ayres at 20c., 6 mos.; 324 Western Green at 6¼@6½c., the former figure cash; and 517 Texas at 12½@13c., cash.

POTATOES—The receipts are smaller, the demand far from active; we quote at 90c.@$1 ₱ bushel for Nova Scotia, $2@$2 25 for Western Reds, $2 50 for Junes, and $2 50@$3 50 for Mercers and Carters.

WOOL—There is considerable more inquiry for this article, but prices continue to rule extremely low, and holders consequently are not anxious sellers (unless for cash or first class paper); the great ease in the money market enables them not to press sales. In Native Fleece and Pulled Wools, sales of some 30,000@40,000 D have been effected for cash, at 20@22½c. for No. 1 Pulled, 25@26½c. for extra do., and 30@33½c. for fine fleeces. Foreign has been in better request, but understood at extremely low rates.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec5 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who attend the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar " "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00

No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.	
Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.	

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months	$1 75
Commercial " " "	1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.

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ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 106th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$60 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation.

(Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 41 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum.

Preparatory Class, $25 per annum

Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance.

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1857. 1857.

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THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE READERS

— OF THE —

NEW-YORK TABLET.

JANUARY, 1858.

I.

I dreamed that I was walking 'neath a wintry moon's wan glow,
That, with sickly glare and ghastly, lit my pathway strewn with snow;
The dim, pale stars shone struggling through the sky of misty gray,
Like vigil-tapers round a bier, with death-reflecting ray.
The tall pines stood like mourners in funeral scarfs of white,
And on their branches seemed to bear the cloudy pall of night;
While o'er the murky bosom of the river flowing by,
The dark ships, like monstrous night-bats, seemed noiselessly to fly.
All nature mourned in silence; and the snow-muffled ground
To the pressure of my footstep gave no responsive sound:
It seemed as if some Spirit were about to take its flight
To the dark shores of the Past, on the ebon wings of Night.

II.

Scarce breathing 'mid the stillness of the funereal scene,
And shrinking 'neath my mantle from the air so icy keen,
With quickened step and eager, I towards the city hied,
When suddenly I heard a heavy breathing by my side.
With quick instinctive shudder, I my road-mate turned to see:
An old man hale and hearty, though Time-scarred withal, was he.
I quickly recognized him by the burden that he bore:
Of ledgers torn and notes unpaid he had a heavy store;
Of railroad scrip fantastic, full many a useless pack;
While bills of banks suspended burst from his plethoric sack;
And said, as he returned my gaze, with wicked, witty leer,
"Thou'rt Fifty-Seven, and bear'st the trophies of the year!"

III.

The old man smiled a cunning smile, and still pursued his way,
While, seizing on his mantle old, I tried his course to stay;
But all in vain, for with a force invisible as strong—
A force I did in vain resist—he hurried me along.
Yet strength to speak I summoned, and cried: "Ungenerous Year!
Ere you depart with bitter truth will I assail your ear:
Throughout the course of twelve long months, which now are all but spun,
Oh! wicked Fifty-Seven, what mischief have you done!
What memories you leave us of Trust Companies and banks,
Hindoo revolts, and Mormon wars, and fillibuster pranks;
Runs for gold and Treasury notes, and failures without end;
Heavy discounts and suspensions, and nobody to lend;
The workshop, where no more was heard the busy hammer's beat;
While hungry Labor, half clad, stalked muttering through the street!"

IV.

"Poor silly mortals!" cried the Year, his wrinkled brow o'ercast,
"Of the fruit of your own follies why thus accuse the Past?
The youthful Year, whose coming with joy you soon will hail,
His course once run, will hear, like me, your unavailing wail;
And when behind the horizon his last sun shall be set,
The good that's marked his passage, ingrate mortals, you'll forget!
But while the wrecks you number with which my path's strew'd o'er,
Regard the wrongs and vices I have maimed for evermore:
Bann'd, baffled, and disgraced, greedy Speculation see;
In the far East, the torn mask of sleek Hypocrisy;
The crimes, and frauds, and falsehoods of centuries laid bare
Before outraged Humanity's shock'd and bewilder'd stare—

V.

"The proselyting champion with Bible, sword, and gold,
Affrighted at his labor, flying from his empty fold;
See the dishonest trader, in the East and in the West,
Stripp'd of the specious trappings in which his guilt was dress'd;
And if not on him heaviest shall his evil deeds recoil,
But strike with force redoubled on the suffering child of toil,
I've dealt mildly with the poor, the houseless, and the cold,
And warmly smiled upon them till my days were nearly told."

VI.

"Old Year!" I cried, repentant, "to thy good deeds I was blind,
'Tis true that thou hast temper'd to the shorn lamb the wind,
Stripped the Pharisee of nations, and foiled the tyrant's rage:
A proud place is reserved for thee on Time's unfolding page.
But yet another claim thou hast upon my memory,
That 's not less strong than those you name, though humbler it may be:
Thou'st seen the infant TABLET come forth into the light,
And buckle its first armor on to struggle for the right:
True, a careless nurse thou'st been, and did forth thy offspring throw,
'Mid hurricanes financial that laid many a full-grown low.

VII.

"Those children are the most robust that youngest brave the breeze;
In ruddy health they revel, while the pampered weep disease."
The lingering Year returned:—"And now I pass away,
I view the deeds my protégé has done in its short day;
The Ogres the young warrior hath gallantly enchained,
The hypocrites and knaves he hath fearlessly arraigned;
Behold on your own borders blear-eyed Bigotry disarm'd,
And from grim Persecution's grasp the orphan saved unharm'd;
A shield before the maiden thrown that sails the wide sea o'er,
To work for friends she's left behind on the beloved shore!

VIII.

"And while its page, with virile force and accents boldly strong,
Is ever first the Right to aid, and to denounce the Wrong;
See smiling Fiction in gay garb by female fingers deck'd;
Her robe of many colors with Wit's bright spangles fleck'd:
Beneath that shining mantle, whose beauties ever charm,
She folds pure-eyed Morality with fond encircling arm—
While saintly Tale and Legend, and bright Poesy are nigh,
Soaring on Religion's wings to lift the mind on high;
And in the varied banquet spread each succeeding week,
Nought that could bring the faintest blush to Modesty's young cheek."

IX.

The speaker ceased, as at these words the midnight bell had rung,
And fleeing, o'er the dawning year his snowy mantle flung.
Resounded now the trumpet blast and hailing cannon's roar!
I woke—I heard a knocking loud, impatient, at my door.
Full hurriedly I then arose, and ope'd the door apace;
And there I saw—no stranger's—but the friendly Carrier's face,
And said: "He must not be forgot whom rain, nor biting wind,
Nor pelting hail, nor summer's heat, nor winter's snow can bind;
And if the Heads that think and plan on us have high demands,
Let us not be unmindful of the quick-dispensing Hands:
At least, on New Year's morning, think whose untiring zeal
Brings us the early TABLET that cheers our matin meal!

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